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DECEMBER 29, 1975

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



*a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year!*
Ralph P. Davidson

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That Thrashing Front Four

To the Editors:

There are only two words to describe the Pittsburgh front four and your cover [Dec. 8]: damn good. I know because I am from Houston, and I remember the thrashing we got from the Steelers.

Tom Petrizzo
Houston

You should have pictured the Buffalo Bills' offensive line. The Electric Company turned loose the Juice and the front four became the Steel Sieve.

Buff Carlson
Carlisle, Pa.

It is nice to see the Steeler front four get the credit they deserve. I think TIME already has its men of the year.

Ron Charlton
California, Pa.

I was sickened by Ernie Holmes' description of his calf slaughtering. If he

tation of the U.S. into small groups of humanity leaves us all divided?

We are crawling back into the womb, and we will die as a nation.

Beatrice U. Poingdester
Boston

Egalité, Fraternité, Liberté! Vive la différence!

Thomas St. Laurent
Chester, N.J.

Nuclear Debate

You claim this nation cannot prosper without nuclear power [Dec. 8]. But a growing number of Americans believe we cannot survive with fission; it is our Frankenstein's monster, a creation we can ill afford to nurture any longer.

This country's technological successes of the past must not blind us to its failures. Let's admit our mistake and get on with the business of developing the many alternative energy options available to us.

Nan Seley Ginsburg
Palo Alto, Calif.

Of course, nuclear energy is not perfectly safe. Is anything? The only way we can judge the desirability of nuclear power is by comparing it with its alternatives. And no country has found a better, cleaner, cheaper, safer alternative so far.

John S. Hendricks
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Shoot Them

I could scream every time I read about a prison riot [Dec. 8].

When people go to prison because they walked into a store with a gun and held it up, they have given up their right to have any rights. I don't give a ** \$%*! about their gripes. Just shoot them when they riot. That will put a stop to it.

Pat Barton
Little Rock, Ark.

Student-Loan Mess

In your critique on the "Student-Loan Mess" [Dec. 8], you neglected to give credit to several well-managed state student-loan programs, like the one in Ohio.

The amount of the loans to Ohio students presently guaranteed by our commission is in excess of \$150 million. Since 1966, the default rate in any fiscal year has never exceeded 2.51%, the lowest rate in the nation.

Jules L. Garel, Chairman
Ohio Student Loan Commission
Columbus

Our country looks to its idealistic young citizens for lessons in integrity and dedication.

It is not reassuring to find out that Michael and Cheryl Ward, a new doctor and a new lawyer respectively, are starting their careers by defaulting on \$32,000 in Government loans through bankruptcy.

It's legal, but is it decent?

Estelle S. Reisner
Meadville, Pa.

We are scrimping to pay back over \$20,000 for our graduate educations, and we feel like chumps.

Constance and James Stevens
Colorado Springs, Colo.

More Man of the Year

I nominate Muhammad Ali. He is the only person I know who has done what he said he was going to do.

George Nelson
Crisfield, Md.

For Man of the Year: Public Enemy No. 1. J. Edgar Hoover.

John N. Marquis
Palo Alto, Calif.

Gerald Ford, for returning decency and respectability to the presidency.

Richard W. Blair
Mobile, Ala.

I don't see any other choice than your Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, for his accomplishments in international policy, especially in the Middle East.

Julio Abril
Bogotá

Betty Friedan, because she started a movement that is in every sense a peaceful revolution for justice for all.

Judith Kaplan
Holliswood, N.Y.

Jacques-Yves Cousteau. His tender kindness toward all living things, coupled with his contemptuous disdain for the ravenous human animal, puts him on a plateau few people can reach.

Robert A. Wolfe
Nashua, N.H.

The terrorist, with coat of arms indicating Irish, P.O., Argentinian, Angolan—quartered with Lebanese, Italian, American and a few other good lines—bearing a handgun, rifle, submachine gun, knife, grenade and/or bomb, with crossed bandoliers and fear rampant.

Ruth S. Perot
Mobile, Ala.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



wants to act like a subhuman, why doesn't he save it for the playing field and the other beings who've chosen to be there with him?

Judith Gaughran
State College, Pa.

Steeler fans loved TIME's story, but it tends to leave the impression that they are a violent lot who would blitz their grandmothers to win. They could have cut Namath in half in the Steeler-Jet game but knew they were good enough to win without inflicting further damage on a once great quarterback.

Martha T. Robel
Pittsburgh

Back into the Womb

"Ethnics All" [Dec. 8] was devastating to read.

Why can't we see that the fragmen-

TIME



BETTY FORD GREETING SANTA IN WASHINGTON

THE WHITE HOUSE

Ford: Trying to Reverse the Slide

"The press is caricaturing him as Bozo the Clown," one of Gerald Ford's wisest and most experienced advisers lamented last week. "The Democrats regard him as the devil incarnate, and Ronnie Reagan wants his job. The President is struggling against a tremendous complex of problems."

From the moment he announced his candidacy last July, Ford has often been his own worst enemy. He barnstormed the U.S. as though it were his old congressional district in Grand Rapids, and succeeded only in giving the impression of being a President on the run. To dramatize his grasp of foreign affairs, he flew to Peking and had a useful talk with Chairman Mao, only to draw yawns back home. To underscore his presidential decisiveness, he drastically reshuffled his Cabinet, managing only to project a picture of presidential disarray. Instead of appearing to be the man to beat, the natural state of an incumbent President, Ford looked more and more like a man who could be beaten. In this precarious state, Ford last week prepared to deal with three politically explosive issues—taxes, energy and labor relations.

He got a draw on taxes. The problem was that Congress had to act in order to extend the 1975 tax cuts into 1976. Last October, Ford urged Congress to reduce taxes by \$28 billion next

year, but he also asked the legislators to agree to cut spending by the same amount. Without promising to reduce spending, Congress gave Ford a bill that would extend the 1975 tax cuts. Ford promptly vetoed the measure, which would have reduced taxes by \$18 billion. The House then failed by 17 votes to override the veto. That left both Congress and the White House appearing to be against a tax cut, a difficult situation with an election year coming up. Congress whipped together a compromise that would continue the tax reductions while vaguely promising to try to control spending. Ford agreed to live with that rather fuzzy promise, and the prospect was that he would sign the compromise bill this week.

Good News. Ford also got tangled up with a compromise energy bill that would reduce the price of domestic crude by 12% and then allow it to rise gradually over the following 40 months. At least in the short run, that would be good news for Americans who own cars or oil burners. But it infuriated Reagan, the oil industry and the oil-producing states, which claimed that holding down the price of domestic oil would dry up capital needed for the risky business of drilling for new supplies. Ford was plainly damned if he vetoed the bill and damned if he didn't.

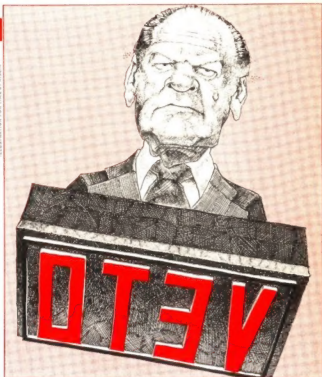
To top it all off, Ford was expected

to repudiate a bill that Labor Secretary John Dunlop had eased through Congress. Part of the bill is favored by the AFL-CIO but is anathema to the right wing of the G.O.P.: it would allow a single local of craftsmen—for example, carpenters—to picket and thus close down an entire building project. The White House received more than half a million pieces of mail opposing the "common situs" picketing bill. Said one adviser to the President's campaign: "If he doesn't veto situs picketing, he's dead."

White House aides could not really explain why the political implications of the bill were not grasped long ago. "There wasn't much belief that the bill would ever get as far as it got," said one staffer. "And now there's a lot of late assessment of it."

Too little, too late. In part, the President has repeatedly been undermined by faulty staff work. He insists upon being surrounded by men he has known for years and trusts. Very often, however, a boon companion does not make a shrewd adviser.

Just how poorly Ford's campaign is organized became glaringly apparent at a meeting in Houston of G.O.P. Southern state chairmen. Panicked by a Gallup poll that showed Republicans favor Reagan over Ford, 40% to 32%, Campaign Chairman Howard H. ("Bo") Callaway gave a baffling performance at





*With best wishes from our family
for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year*

The President and Mrs. Ford

BETTY'S HUSBAND FOR PRESIDENT IN '76

a press conference. He angered the Southern Republicans, many of them fond of Reagan, by saying that the Californian's "rhetoric is great, but his record is poor." But Callaway, a Georgian, also declared that the former Governor would be acceptable for the vice-presidential slot because he "has done some good things." White House aides were appalled. If Callaway continues to stumble, said one, "I don't think there'll be any reluctance on the part of the President to fire him. This is for all the marbles."

Campaign Buttons. To make matters worse, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller got in some thrusts of his own at the same meeting. After listening impatiently to the Southerners' gripes about G.O.P. prospects, Rocky angrily declared: "You got me out, you sons of bitches, now get off your ass."

While Ford struggled to get control of his presidency and the campaign, the polls continued to indicate how badly

AMERICAN NOTES

The Worst Since

Americans (very much including American journalists) like superlatives. They have a way of reaching for the sort of comparison that Mark Twain called a "stretcher." The most extreme current stretchers: U.S. involvement in Angola's civil strife is the country's gravest foreign intervention since Viet Nam (which, considering the difference in magnitude in the two situations, is misleading); the current recession is the worst since the Great Depression (which takes no account of how much worse the Depression was or of economic cushions built in since the 1930s).

Journalists do not save their stretchers for serious subjects but apply them everywhere—the best movie since ... the worst snowstorm since ... and so on. Only last week, Washington Post Columnist George Will described Ronald Reagan as "arguably the most gifted campaigner since Theodore Roosevelt"—which, arguably, is the most outlandish judgment since ... stretcher, anyone?

Happy 40th

Talk about durability. And versatility. And ubiquity. The DC-3 made its maiden flight on Dec. 17, 1935. All told, Douglas Aircraft built more than 10,000 of the planes. Forty years later no fewer than 3,000 of them are still flying as far afield as Burma, Canada and some parts of the U.S. A twin-engine workhorse that flew coast to coast in an unheard-of 15 hours in the late 1930s, the DC-3 was the first American aircraft to turn a profit from passengers only. It was also the first to offer heated cabins, soundproofing and power brakes.

In World War II, modified DC-3s served as troop and cargo carriers, hospital planes and even as a kind of bomber. Dwight Eisenhower hailed the plane as one of the five pieces of equipment that did most to win World War II. Said Founder Donald W. Douglas, 83, at commemorative ceremonies in Santa Monica, Calif., last week: "In a parody of *Ol' Man River*, she flies on and on."

A DOUGLAS C-47 TRANSPORT (THE MILITARY VERSION OF A DC-3) IN CHINA IN 1943



Psst! Wanna Hot Christmas Tree?

'Tis the season to be—among other things—greedy. From private and federal land as well as commercial lots, untold numbers of Christmas trees are stolen every year for resale. One of the most ambitious schemes to date was uncovered last month in Colorado. Armed with forged permits and maps, six men conned a group of Denver tree distributors into bankrolling them by showing them seven sample trees. The group then went off to remote slopes and, with a crew of ten, buzz-sawed 2,000 more trees, that would probably have brought a total of \$14,000. A neighbor heard the power saws at work and phoned police, who arrested the thieves. Such arrests are the exception, though, since guarding parks or forests is nearly impossible. "Some owners sleep by their lots," said a policeman in Bismarck, N.D. "But last night it was 18° below zero."

The Buttleggers

The economics are elementary: buy cigarettes in a low-tax state like North Carolina (2¢ tax per package), bootleg them to a high-tax state like New York (as much as 23¢ per package) and count the profits. This year, buttleggers should gross some \$500 million, most of it pocketed by organized criminals. Concerned tax agents from eight government units (the states of Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia, plus New York City) guess they are losing up to \$300 million annually in revenues through interstate smuggling.

The taxmen figure that much of the haul is transported in tractor-trailers that can carry 10,000 cartons of cigarettes at a time for a profit of \$15,000. Vending machine companies, restaurants and motels controlled by the Mafia can be easily persuaded to retail the cigarettes. The seven states and New York City are hoping for a \$750,000 federal grant to help them combat the crime, but they know it won't be easy. Contraband cigarettes are even sold occasionally in Harrisburg's North Office Building, headquarters of the Pennsylvania state revenue department.

THE NATION

he has slipped. Last week a Harris poll showed that if Ford did manage to get nominated, he would be drubbed, 52-41, by a Democratic ticket headed by Senator Hubert Humphrey. Just two months earlier, Pollster Louis Harris had Ford leading Humphrey, 48% to 42%. Trying to do their bit to help out, Betty Ford's staffers have begun to wear big blue and white campaign buttons proclaiming "Betty's Husband for President in '76."

As he mulled over the campaign, one top Ford adviser said last week: "When things start falling apart, it's hard to put

your finger on the reasons." The reason may be as much Ford's manner as his record. He is an enervating speaker and at times awkward in his movements. Impersonating the President, one nightclub comedian draws howls of laughter by simply walking straight into the microphone. But, except for some hasty judgments and decisions, Ford has managed to get a number of things done. Inflation is receding, if slowly; the economy is improving, if haltingly; some of his major appointments have been excellent; and he forced New York City to make necessary reforms. On balance, his

performance has been better than his critics or the public would allow.

Looking ahead, former Defense Secretary Mel Laird and Rockefeller are urging Ford to use next month's State of the Union message to stake out an ambitious, four-year program covering such subjects as welfare reform, revenue sharing and a national health insurance plan. "The President has a lot of resources at his disposal," says one adviser, one resource being, of course, the power of the White House. "The question is whether he has the willingness and toughness to use them."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Oval Office Optimism

Gerald Ford, for all his and the world's troubles, has not lost his hopes for humanity. Maybe that is his real Christmas message. "I have no apologies for saying a little prayer every night, the one I have said most of my life [*Proverbs 3: 5-6*], and I think it expresses my feeling that somehow a higher authority is going to be helpful in giving us the directions. It is just not rational or understandable for leaders or nations to permit this world to suffer nuclear catastrophe."

Ford finds something out there that a lot of people cannot see. The Oval Office is a special lens—one that may help a man perceive the truth but may also distort the view. The question is which it will do. The other day, Ford talked about this. He stuffed his pipe full of tobacco but he never got it lit, his enthusiasm possessing him totally.

He likes and trusts the leaders he has met, both in the White House and during his travels, which have been sharply criticized. "They fully understand the potential dangers if we don't make bona fide efforts to sit down and talk and find some answers. I don't see any leader that I have met with who is a troublemaker for personal aggrandizement or for national interests. I start out with the assumption that our relations are one of trust, and I have had no instance in my period in the White House where that trust has been breached—certainly nothing of any major importance."

In the back of Ford's mind is the concern about a nuclear miscalculation. But over the past months even that specter seems to have faded a bit for the President. Ford was reminded that John Kennedy felt it was in man's nature eventually to use the weapons he created. The President reacted quickly. "I don't share that pessimism. You cannot be certain that at some point there won't be a leader who might act differently, but certainly this generation of leaders I do not think would be so foolhardy."

Even Brezhnev comes out in Jerry Ford's world as a man working in his own way for his own people and some kind of world stability. "He is well informed. He is very forceful. It is a good working relationship. [He has] spoken of a broader interest, of trying to achieve a stability for peace in the world as a whole. I believe honestly there is a realization that we should try to find a way to prevent a nuclear confrontation."

What about accusations that the Soviets have been cheating on the arms-limitation agreements? "There are, as has been said by others, certain ambiguities, but I don't believe there was any intended violation and I do not think that there have been any actual violations."

Ford is troubled by Angola. But he sees less likelihood of war in the Middle East, NATO stronger, the European allies working together much better on economic matters, Juan Carlos making impressive efforts in Spain, Portugal improved, the U.S. flag a little steadier in the Pacific.

There is little question in his mind who will win the economic competition. "Compared to other systems—Western democracies or Communist-dominated nations—our economic strength has been proven, and our resiliency is obviously stronger than others."

"Militarily," Ford continued, "our capability is second to none. I get a little frustrated sometimes with critics of what we are trying to do, but we have the power, we have to maintain it, and I think we will."

The President reached back 30 years for his model of the kind of bipartisan support he would like to see in the Congress. Referring to the critics of our continued involvement in the world, he expressed hope that "we will get back to the post-World War II era, when Senator [Tom] Connally and Senator [Arthur] Vandenberg could and did work together to construct in the Congress a bipartisan foreign policy." He continued: "The role and the responsibility of the U.S. [is] to meet our obligations not only to ourselves and our security

but, on a broader basis, to get some answers to the problems of the world conflict."

Ford will be in office when this nation begins its third century, and if he has his way, he will focus his Administration on combating American bigness—"big government, big labor, big industry, big education." He said: "The third century ought to concentrate on expanding the freedom of individual citizens."

Not even the rising political challenge of Ronald Reagan seemed to dent Ford's hard-core optimism. He brushed it aside with the admonition to wait for Election Day. Jerry Ford, at once so simple and yet so perplexing, could almost be believed when he said, "I get a great feeling every day I get up. I can't wait to get over to the office. Some days I am more disappointed than others, but I enjoy the challenge every day." It could have come from Dale Carnegie or Norman Vincent Peale, but there are worse ways to slide into 1976.

FORD & SUHARTO IN JAKARTA THIS MONTH





SOLDIERS OF THE PRO-SOVIET M.P.L.A. IN THEIR CAMP IN ANGOLA

FOREIGN POLICY

The Battle Over Angola

"A deep tragedy for all countries whose security depends on the United States." That was how President Ford described the Senate's vote last week to cut off U.S. military aid to two Angolan factions that have been waging a bloody civil war for months with the Soviet-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.). At stake was only \$37 million in aid. But the debate was also the latest in a long series of battles fought between Congress and the Administration, with Congress trying to control not only the making of foreign policy but its execution. Thus the defeat was bitter for Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. At a press conference called at week's end, Ford also lashed out at Cuba, declaring that its infiltration of some 6,000 troops into Angola "ends any efforts at all to have friendly relations" with the Castro government. Soviet activity in Angola, added the President, "doesn't help the continuation of détente."

First Step. Having already funneled \$25 million into Angola and with \$8 million for aid still on hand, the Administration sought the additional \$37 million to help the anti-Soviet National Front for the Liberation of Angola and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). Both are also supported by South Africa.

But a growing number of Congressmen fear that U.S. involvement in Angola may be the first step toward another Viet Nam-style quagmire. Declared California Democrat John Tunney, leader of the Senate's fight to halt the aid though not noted for his expertise in foreign affairs: "For the past 30 years, we have given the military ad-

venturers what they wanted and they have gone everywhere and done everything, getting us involved in everybody else's business from Asia to Latin America and now, so it seems, Africa." Republican Senator Charles Percy of Illinois complained that the U.S. was "getting in bed with South Africa."

After three days of debate, Tunney & Co. won, 54 to 22. The House vote will probably come next month. During the holiday recess, however, the Administration probably will try to come up with a compromise that will win enough votes to permit a limited U.S. involvement in Angola.

It was not exactly a "tragedy." The Administration's case for aid to Angola did make sense, especially in view of the fact that Zaïre and Zambia, relatively stable and friendly countries in the area, asked that the U.S. take action. But Angola is scarcely a crucial zone of U.S. interest. The congressional move, however, certainly further weakened the U.S. postures in the world and raised serious questions about whether the present Congress is willing to allow the Administration any kind of latitude in its foreign operations. Part of the opposition professed to quarrel with the covert nature of U.S. help to Angola. But in the world as it exists, some capacity for secret operations (under due congressional oversight) is essential. Besides, even had Angolan aid been made public from the start—and the



M.P.L.A. SOLDIERS PARADING IN LUANDA

Administration may well have been able to make a good case for it—Congress was in no mood to go along with that either.

The Chicago *Tribune* argued that "Angola would provide a foothold for the spread of Russian influence in Africa." On the other hand, CBS Newscaster Walter Cronkite felt that Angola could become another Viet Nam and began a series on the U.S. involvement "to try to play our small part in

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COVER—LOS ANGELES TIMES

THE NATION

preventing that mistake this time."

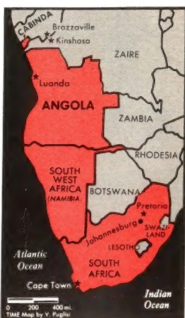
While it is inevitable that the secrecy, the downright deceit and the huge buildup from small beginnings in Viet Nam are bitterly remembered, the comparison between Angola and Viet Nam is alarmist and simplistic. For one thing, or so the Administration argues, the levels of aid differ enormously. In 1954, the year the French pulled out of Indochina, for example, the Eisenhower Administration asked Congress for \$500 million to aid the region's anti-Communist fighting forces. Ford and Kissinger have assured Congress that the U.S. will not send advisers or troops to Angola, and Washington's goal has been not to win a war but to provide the anti-Soviet factions with only enough help to fight the M.P.L.A. to a standstill, thereby encouraging a negotiated settlement. Explained a senior U.S. official: "If this were the Congo in the early 1960s, we might be able actually to turn the situation around militarily. But our wings are clipped in too many ways. Now the best we can hope for is a holding action."

Moreover, in the Administration's

view, the Angolan aid issue is a basic test of American will in the face of Soviet expansionism. Kissinger argued that only because of the U.S.-supplied equipment, the anti-Soviet groups in the former Portuguese colony have so far managed to thwart Moscow's desire for a foothold on the southwest coast of Africa. Among other things, Soviet air and naval bases in Angola would give the Russians the capacity to intercept Western supertankers en route from the Persian Gulf to Europe and the U.S.

Less Committed. Actually, Western intelligence analysts predicted the Angolan civil war might turn out to be another Viet Nam—but for Russia, not the U.S. (see box). Explained one of them: "The U.S. is still much less committed here than the U.S.S.R." Added another official, using language reminiscent of the early 1960s: "If we don't blink now, I think that they will blink."

Whether the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. was the first to step up military aid to the Angolan factions is unclear. But the Soviets were in the field first; they began supplying military equipment and



Moscow's Own Viet Nam?

For 15 years, Moscow has been supplying military aid and training to pro-Soviet guerrillas, some of whom formed the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.). But some high officials in the Kremlin—and in Cuba as well—are growing increasingly skeptical about the wisdom of that commitment. The muted echoes of the debate that is now under way on the issue were picked up from Western intelligence and Soviet sources last week by TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter and Correspondent Strobe Talbott. Their report:

The Soviets have learned the hard

way—in Egypt, Uganda and elsewhere—that military aid is an uncertain political investment in Africa. Thus the nationalism of the M.P.L.A.'s leaders causes skeptics in Moscow, including some at the Politburo level, to question whether the Kremlin might be throwing away its rubles in Angola. They argue that there is no way to guarantee that sizable Soviet backing will buy an obedient satellite state or even produce a trustworthy ally. Moreover, even if the Soviets were to gain naval and air bases in Angola, giving them a long-coveted foothold on the West Coast of Africa, skeptics maintain that the strategic ad-

vantages would not be worth the damage done to Soviet-American relations and East-West détente.

In Havana, Western sources say, there is "demoralization and discontent" among high-level military and civilian officials over the Castro regime's commitment of regular army troops to fight in a foreign conflict. Indeed, a Western official reports that Cuba sent the troops to Angola only "with the greatest reluctance and as a result of Soviet arm twisting." The Soviets feared that the M.P.L.A. would be unable to use the sophisticated weaponry that Moscow was supplying. Since the Russians were unwilling to send in troops themselves, they pressured the Cubans into doing so. But the Cubans have suffered considerable casualties, and their Ilyushin 18 and Bristol Britannia transports have been flying home with dead and wounded. Says a Western intelligence officer: "Morale among the Cubans in Angola and back in Havana is very bad."

As far as is known, no Russian leader has yet told the U.S. Government of even a conditional willingness to reduce Soviet involvement in Angola. Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoly Dobrynin continues to insist in private talks with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger that Russian support of the M.P.L.A. has nothing to do with détente. But the doubts in Moscow may be growing, and whether they prevail may well depend largely on U.S. policy. Explains a Western official: "The Soviets are backed into a corner, so part of their problem is to save face. If there's any chance of getting them out, the U.S. will have to help by not trumpeting the retreat as a great victory for American pressure."

UNITA HEAD JONAS SAVIMBI (RIGHT) AND A CAPTURED CUBAN SOLDIER IN ANGOLA



training to Angolan guerrillas at least as far back as 1960. Early in 1975 the U.S. sent a small sum—roughly \$300,000—to one of the anti-Soviet groups. By last summer the Soviets had sharply increased their aid to the M.P.L.A. as the Portuguese prepared to pull out. U.S. experts estimate that Moscow's aid this year has totaled more than \$100 million. According to both British and American experts, the Soviets have sent the M.P.L.A. an air-defense system of SA-7 missiles, substantial numbers of T-54 and T-55 tanks, armored personnel carriers, antitank guns, heavy artillery and 107-mm. and 122-mm. rockets.

The more than 6,000 combat troops that Cuba has provided at the Russians' bidding are led by no fewer than seven officers with the rank of brigade commander (roughly equivalent to brigadier general). They are believed to include Senen Casas Reguero, who was first deputy minister of the Cuban armed forces and chief of the general staff, and his brother Julio, a top logistics expert.*

Secret Program. According to Ford Administration officials, the U.S. began sending significant supplies in August to the anti-Soviet factions at the urging of Angola's neighbors—Zaire, Zambia and South Africa. As required by law, the Administration informed eight congressional committees and subcommittees about the operation, but the program remained a secret to most members of Congress until this month. So far, the U.S. aid has brought the anti-Soviet forces mostly small arms, mor-

tars, machine guns and light artillery.

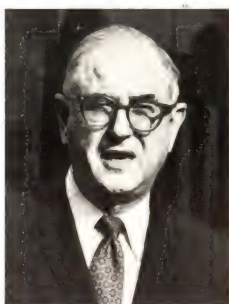
The aid has given neither side a decisive edge. Reported *TIME* Correspondent Lee Griggs, who regularly covers the fighting: "The importance of the aid is chiefly that it enables the war to continue at an escalated pace. No victory is yet possible for either side in this huge, underpopulated country, where the people really just want to be left alone. The outlook is for a long and bloody stalemate, though withdrawal of outside support on all sides might eventually force the three groups to stop fighting and start talking."

DIPLOMACY

Rough Riding in Ottawa

During his 21 months as Washington's Ambassador to Ottawa, William Porter, 61, earned the respect of many Canadians as a concerned professional envoy. He traveled frequently through the country, mixed easily with its citizens, gave thoughtful and discreet talks about issues that jointly affect Canada and the U.S. But last week, as Porter left Ottawa to take up a new post as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau angrily told a cheering House of Commons that Porter had gone beyond "the acceptable bounds within which an ambassador should stay." In a singular diplomatic snub, ministers of Trudeau's Liberal government refused to attend a farewell party given by Porter at his residence.

The government's displeasure reflected, in part, a growing mood of anti-American nationalism in Canada. Porter became the target of this feeling because, with the prior approval of the State Department, he had spoken a few truths about tensions in Canadian-U.S. relations. At about the same time the White House was announcing the nomination of Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders to succeed him. Porter threw a small cocktail party for a dozen Canadian and American reporters. At the party, he observed that Congressmen in U.S. Border states were unhappy about the price of imported Canadian oil. At \$14.99 a bbl., Canadian crude is running nearly \$1.50 above average world market prices. Porter also pointed out that American investors had become leary of putting more money into Canada because of worries about rising nationalism. As an example, he cited the decision of the Saskatchewan provincial government to take over the potash industry, much of which is owned by subsidiaries of American firms. In response to reporters' questions, he also noted that relations had not been helped by a new tax bill that, once enacted, would force both *TIME* and the *Reader's Digest* to stop publishing separate Canadian editions. The bill would require that both magazines have an 80% difference in editorial content from their



AMBASSADOR WILLIAM PORTER
A singular snub.

parent U.S. editions (*TIME*, Dec. 15).

As a result of these and other frictions, Porter saw an American backlash developing—"the rise of adrenaline in the press and in Congress particularly. It worries me, because it is in the interest of both our countries to ease differences and difficulties." The ambassador suggested that Prime Minister Trudeau and President Gerald Ford, who enjoy cordial personal relations, might meet to help "clear the air."

Not a Colony. Such is the prickly mood in Ottawa that the government spied insult where none, clearly, was intended. Responding to questions in Parliament, Trudeau said that he was "surprised that an experienced diplomat like Mr. Porter would not find other channels for expressing [his] views." After Trudeau brought down the House by declaring "we are not a colony of the U.S.," New Democratic Party Leader Ed Broadbent proposed that the Prime Minister advise Washington that Porter's "kind of behavior is totally unacceptable to Canada."

Trudeau ignored the fact that Ottawa's ambassadors to Washington have periodically talked about the difficulties between the two neighbors in much the way that Porter did. By and large, Canadian editorial opinion endorsed Porter's candor. Describing Trudeau's remarks as "stunning brutality," the *Toronto Globe & Mail* editorialized "Mr. Porter has made no attempt to tell Canada what to do. He merely told reporters of American concerns, most of which he had taken up with the Canadian government. Which is precisely what he was sent to Ottawa to do." Added the *Ottawa Journal*: "For his warning, Mr. Porter deserves thanks, not Mr. Trudeau's petty pique."

*Israel's U.N. Ambassador Chaim Herzog reported last week that approximately a brigade of Cuban troops—usually about 3,000 men—has been with the Syrian army facing Israel on the Golan Heights for two years. This even though Fidel Castro's government last July formally disavowed the export of revolution.

JOHN TUNNEY & HENRY KISSINGER





FROM LEFT: JUDITH CAMPBELL IN 1960; SINATRA & KENNEDY AT THE INAUGURAL BALL; GIANCANA UNDER ARREST IN CHICAGO IN 1957



SCANDALS

J.F.K. and the Mobsters' Moll

As a West Coast party girl in the early 1960s, blue-eyed raven-haired Judith Immoor Campbell was known to swing in high places. Mobster John Roselli squired her to Miami, Palm Springs and other expensive watering holes. She was frequently with Roselli's friend and boss, Chicago Mafia Don Sam ("Momo") Giancana. By her own description, she had a "close personal" relationship with an even more powerful figure: John F. Kennedy, the 35th President of the U.S. "To me he was Jack Kennedy," she said last week. "He wasn't the President."

Roselli, on the other hand, was very well aware that Kennedy was the President, and may even have been proud of his indirect connection with the White House. TIME has learned that a federal listening device once recorded him telling Mob associates openly about his moll and her trysts with the President.

CIA Contract. Kennedy broke off with her in 1962, and his close associates soon forgot about her; after all, she was only one of many pretty women who drifted into the President's orbit (see following story). Recently, however, details of the affair became known publicly, and last week Judith Campbell, now Mrs. Daniel Exner, 41, and something of a look-alike for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, ended her discreet silence. At a press conference in San Diego, she admitted that the President had once shared her affections with two mobsters. But she declined comment when bluntly asked whether she and Kennedy had ever had sexual relations.

What flushed Mrs. Exner into public view was the Senate Intelligence Committee. As part of its CIA probe, the committee investigated Roselli's and Giancana's other federal connection: their contract with the CIA to assassinate Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro. The

Senators wanted to know whether Kennedy could have learned about the plot from Judy.

Before Giancana could be questioned, he was murdered in his Oak Park, Ill., home on orders from the Mafia high command; for one thing, the bosses thought that he had been telling a grand jury about gangland activities (TIME, June 30). But committee members interrogated Roselli, who now spends most of his time fighting the Government's efforts to deport him, and committee lawyers questioned Mrs. Exner. They turned up no evidence to contradict her claim that she had never known about the plot to kill Castro. Nor were they able to challenge her statement that she had never told Kennedy about her mobster friends.

Persuaded that the affair was irrelevant to their investigation, the committee voted unanimously to describe her in their report only as a "close friend" of Kennedy's, not even disclosing her sex. Some committee staffers considered this a whitewash, however, and leaked the story to several newspapers. But it did not become a national scandal until last week, when New York Times Columnist William Safire accused the committee of a "cover-up." Committee Chairman Frank Church called the charge "preposterous." Said he: "We had no evidence to suggest that she was a conduit of any kind. We had no evidence that she was used to get a hold on the President. Had we such evidence, we certainly would have included it." John Tower of Texas, the committee's vice chairman and its senior Republican, backed Church fully.

Church argued that the committee was only trying to avoid needlessly blackening Kennedy's reputation. For similar reasons, ex-Kennedy staffers either claimed to have no recollection of



JUDITH WITH HUSBAND DANIEL EXNER

Judith Campbell or insisted that she had never been involved with the President. His former secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, recalled Judy as a campaign volunteer who later "became quite a pest." Said Mrs. Lincoln: "She'd call and call and call, [but] as far as I know he never did talk to her when he was President."

Intimate Lunches. Provoked, Mrs. Exner called a press conference to set the record straight. Said she: "Statements to the effect that I was a 'campaign worker for Kennedy' are entirely contrived. My relationship with Jack Kennedy was of a close personal nature and did not involve conspiratorial shenanigans of any kind." She said she met Kennedy in Las Vegas in 1960 at a party given by "a friend." The friend was Singer Frank Sinatra; one former Kennedy aide understood that Sinatra and J.F.K.'s brother-in-law, Peter Lawford, owned a piece of a nightclub where Judy once worked as a hostess. A month after she met the President, Sinatra brought her together with Giancana, who later introduced her to Roselli. Both

THE NATION

gangsters knew of her affair with Kennedy, but she insisted that neither of them tried to encourage or make use of it.

By her account, she visited Kennedy at the White House more than 20 times, usually for intimate lunches. The Senate committee learned that on one occasion, while she was staying with Roselli and Giancana at Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel, she made a side trip to Palm Beach to spend time there with Kennedy. Judy claimed that she received countless telephone calls from him, and she seemed to dial his number quite often as well. White House logs show that during a 54-week period in 1961 and early 1962, she telephoned Kennedy 70 times from her home in Los Angeles, Oak Park and other spots.

Lost Call. She declined to talk about her own background—how she was raised in Los Angeles as one of five children (two brothers, two sisters) of an architect; how she was married at 18 to a movie actor named William Campbell; or how, after her divorce about four years later, she managed to support a plush life-style that included a Los Angeles-area apartment and a Malibu beach house ("I was always financially able to take care of myself"). Eight months ago, she married a San Diego golf pro and now lives in a mobile home.

The end of her friendship with Kennedy apparently came when FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, whose sleuths learned of the affair during their investigation of Giancana and Roselli, had lunch with Kennedy at the White House on March 22, 1962. No one knows what the two discussed during the time that they were alone. But Hoover had made a point of being briefed beforehand about Judith Campbell's disconcerting friendships with both gangsters and a President. And according to White House logs, the last known telephone call between J.F.K. and Judy came only a few hours after the luncheon.

"... so then the big guy says, 'Hey, Toots! Ask not what your country can do for you—get this here message to Giancana!'"



PRESIDENT KENNEDY GREETING WOMEN AT THE SPRINGFIELD, ILL. AIRPORT IN 1962

Jack Kennedy's Other Women

When Judith Campbell Exner said last week that she had "a close personal" relationship with Jack Kennedy, she was only confirming what had long been a matter of open and widespread speculation: that even after he entered the White House, the handsome and fun-loving Kennedy never stopped pursuing attractive women—not they him. His privacy guarded by discreet Service agents, his wife often away on vacations, his duties affording frequent travel, and the aura of his office proving nearly irresistible, Kennedy as President found the catching all the easier.

Inevitably, a legend of prodigious sexual activity would enwrap as romantic a figure as the wealthy, glamorous young President. Kennedy, moreover, seemed to enjoy the image. He never hid his fondness for attractive women, seeking them out for special attention

as he moved into crowds to shake hands or spotting a comely campaign worker among his wide-eyed supporters. Once he startled two proper Britons, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Foreign Minister R.A.B. Butler, during a 1962 conference in Nassau by casually confiding that if he went too long without a woman, he suffered severe headaches.

Plenty of Fire. The eagerness of many women to cure his headaches may have stretched the legend beyond reality. Insists one woman who moved in Kennedy's show-business social circle: "If all women who claimed privately that they had slept with Jack had really done so, he wouldn't have had the strength left to lift a teacup." Yet under all that smoke, there was apparently plenty of fire.

At least two well-known beauties told close friends about their affairs with Kennedy. Before her accidental death in 1967, Actress Jayne Mansfield claimed to have carried on a three-year intimate and intermittent romance with Kennedy. There is little doubt that Marilyn Monroe also had a sexual relationship with the President. Show-biz Chronicler Earl Wilson claims without qualification in his book *Show Business Laid Bare*: "Marilyn Monroe's sexual pyrotechnics excited the President of the United States." According to Wilson, their intimate relationship began about a year before her death and was pursued in New York's Carlyle Hotel, the Beverly Hills Hotel, Peter Lawford's Santa Monica home, the White House, and even in Kennedy's private plane, *Caroline*. Once, Wilson relates, Monroe returned from a meeting with the President and confided to a friend: "I think I made his back feel better."

Other celebrities linked with Kennedy in gossip columns have either de-





KIM NOVAK (1958)



MARILYN MONROE AT J.F.K. PARTY (1962)



JAYNE MANSFIELD (1962)

nied any intimacies with him, refused to talk at all, or in some cases said they had never even met him. They include Actresses Angie Dickinson, Kim Novak, Janet Leigh and Rhonda Fleming.

Sources familiar with the Kennedy White House contend that Kennedy's liaisons were mostly with relatively unknown young women. Most often cited are two women who displayed few secretarial skills but worked on his staff: Bright and charming, they were attractive—but were neither sensational beauties nor sultry playgirls. British Director Jonathan Miller, who once saw them around the White House, claimed that they looked "like unused tennis balls—they had the fuzz still on them."

No Discernible Duties. The two often turned up in the presidential entourage when Kennedy was traveling. Although assigned no discernible duties, they were with Kennedy in Nassau when he met Macmillan to discuss cancellation of the Skybolt missile program, at Yosemite Park when he plugged conservation measures, at Palm Beach when he was vacationing. They usually were assigned quarters near the President and were code-named "Fiddle" and "Fiddle" by the Secret Service.

Somewhat sadly, one young woman who had known Kennedy intimately when he was a Senator had fallen in love with him. Assigned a job on the National Security Council staff when he became President, she was always available. Kennedy's nonchalant attitude toward such encounters—as well as his agility in keeping his outside pursuits from interfering with his official duties—was shown one summer afternoon when the two were interrupted by a knock on the Lincoln Bedroom door. Angered, Kennedy threw the door wide open. There stood two top foreign affairs advisers with a batch of secret cables—and a clear view of the woman in bed. Never bothering to close the door, Kennedy cooled

down, read the dispatches, and made his decisions before he returned to his friend.

It was apparently not uncommon for some of Kennedy's closest male friends to send willing young women to the White House. One newspaper columnist was once overheard telling a smashing brunette how to get into the mansion with a note that he wanted delivered to Kennedy. Kennedy later called the columnist back to confirm: "I got your message—both of them." Secret Service agents would pass such casual women under presidential instructions, although they worried about it. More frequent visitors, including a number of airline stewardesses, underwent full Secret Service investigations.

Recent reporting has put one celebrated Kennedy anecdote into a different perspective. Newsmen watching

Kennedy's movements on the night before he was nominated as the 1960 Democratic presidential candidate caught him climbing over a backyard fence near his suburban Los Angeles hideaway. Kennedy shouted that he was going off "to meet my father." Reporters have since learned that the stealthy visit was more likely to the nearby home of a former diplomat's wife he had known for some time.

The only book by a former White House employee to delve into Kennedy's sexual activities as President is *Traphes Bryant's Dog Days at the White House*. A temperamental, unreliable source, Bryant was an electrician and kennel keeper at the White House from Truman's days through Nixon's. The gossip book is selling briskly with tales of backstairs intrigue that are impossible to verify.

Telltale Hairpins. According to Bryant, the housekeeping staff engaged in "a conspiracy of silence" to keep Jack's trysts a secret. Jack would sometimes lounge naked around the White House swimming pool when Jackie was away, and women would arrive, undress, and join him. He also tells of once taking the elevator past the family quarters in the course of his duties after the First Lady had left the mansion. "Just

as the elevator door opened, a naked blonde office girl ran through the hall between the second-floor kitchen and the door leading to the West Hall. There was nothing to do but to get out of the vicinity fast and push the basement buttons."

The staff always scurried around after a woman had visited Kennedy, according to Bryant, to retrieve telltale hairpins. He also relates a conversation when Jackie allegedly found a woman's undergarment tucked into a pillow slip. She is supposed to have said calmly to Jack: "Would you please shop around and see who these belong to? They're not my size."

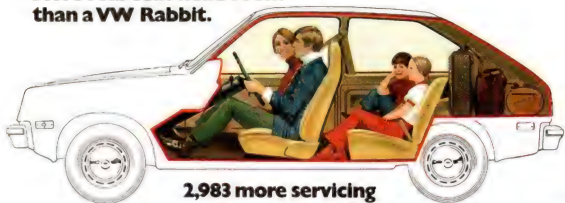
JANET LEIGH & ANGIE DICKINSON (BOTH 1961)





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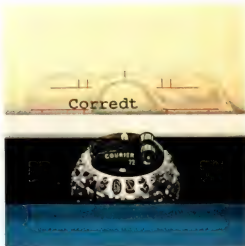


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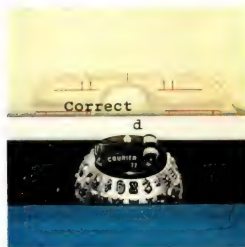
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CRIME

Before Karen's Coma

Since she lapsed into a coma more than eight months ago, Karen Anne Quinlan, 21, has become the center of an anguished controversy over her right to life—or death (TIME, Nov. 24 *et ante*). Described by her consulting doctors as being in "a vegetative state," Quinlan is breathing with the aid of a respirator, and her brain continues to send out the faintest of signals. A Morris County, N.J., court denied her adoptive parents' petition for the right to cut off the respirator that keeps Karen alive. Last week the Quinlans filed their first written arguments in what will probably be a long appeals process. Even as they were doing so, the case took a bizarre twist. New Jersey officials summoned William Dixon Zywoit, 22, a companion of Karen's in the months before she became comatose, to appear before a grand jury. They wanted to question him about an egg-sized bump on the head, as well as a series of bruises on her body, that Karen received shortly before she was hospitalized last April 15.

The doctors involved in the case were aware of the injuries from the first, but concluded then that they had nothing to do with her collapse. Then what did New Jersey Attorney General William F. Hyland hope to learn from Zywoit? Hyland said he was not accusing Zywoit of a crime but was merely clearing up some loose ends about Karen's final days of consciousness.

"I'm not interested in her life-style," he insisted. Said a Sussex County official familiar with the case: "I think Hyland's purpose is to cover himself just to make sure there was no foul play." Whatever the motive, it appears that Quinlan's life-style underwent some marked changes during the months before she took the combination of drugs and alcohol that is believed to be responsible for the coma. She apparently fell into a depression in midspring, when a close relationship came to an end. Karen and another woman had once been inseparable, according to companions; but when the friendship ended, Karen was seriously upset.

Careless Mixture. Her life soon took another sudden turn. She had hoped to save up enough money to share the rent on a summer house with friends. But she was laid off her job as a production worker in a ceramics company and had no way to raise the money. Indications are that she became involved with a low-level New Jersey underworld figure who supplied her with drugs. That became one more reason to set her brooding—and may have made the careless mixture of drugs and alcohol more likely. It now seems clear that Quinlan's life was changing faster than she could quite comprehend in the weeks just before it slipped from her control altogether.



WOULD-BE ASSASSINS MOORE & FROMME LEAVING THEIR COURTROOMS

TRIALS

Double Indemnity

On successive days, the two women who have been in court for separate attempts to kill President Ford faced judgment in California federal courts last week.

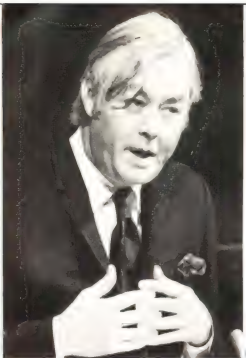
► A week ago Sara Jane Moore, 45, switched her plea in a San Francisco courtroom from innocent to guilty of the charge of attempting to assassinate the President. Before he would accept Moore's new plea, Judge Samuel Conti reviewed testimony that she had fired a single shot at Ford as he left the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on Sept. 22, missing him by only 5 ft. Conti also read a psychiatric report describing Moore as competent to change her plea despite having a "hysterical personality disorder," and a 25-year history of mental illness.

Moore, who was dressed in turtle-neck blouse, navy vest, striped pants and the same brown boots she wore the day she tried to shoot Ford, was pressed by Conti on whether she had acted entirely on her own. "On that particular date I was acting alone," she replied. "How about on some other date?" Conti persisted. "I'm not going to answer that," Moore answered cryptically. Conti later suggested that if she provided details of any conspiracy, her sentence would be lightened. Some observers suggest that Moore fired at Ford in hopes of reinvigorating herself with her radical friends. With a nine-year-old boy in a foster home, she now faces a possible life sentence.

► In Sacramento the following day, Lynette Alice ("Squeaky") Fromme, 27, faced sentencing for having tried to

shoot Ford with a .45-cal. pistol in the city's Capitol Park last Sept. 5. Fromme, a member of the bizarre "family" of convicted Murderer Charles Manson, carried over her arm the same red robe she had worn on that day, as well as an apple ("For you, your honor," she said when U.S. District Court Judge Thomas J. MacBride noticed it). After U.S. Attorney Dwayne Keyes recommended severe punishment because she was full of "hate and violence," Squeaky hurled the apple at him from close range, hitting him in the face and knocking off his glasses, and shouted: "He's the one to talk about hate!" When her court-appointed attorney urged a sentence that would give her a chance at rehabilitation, Fromme protested: "I can't be rehabilitated because I haven't done anything wrong. I want Manson out. I want a world at peace. You have only ten years of air and water."

MacBride then read a 1,000-word sentencing statement, with frequent interruptions from Squeaky. "The only way to deter you from further violence," he said, "is to separate you from the society with which you can't agree." His sentence: life imprisonment (though she becomes eligible for parole in 15 years). Fromme is the first person ever to be convicted under the law, enacted after the assassination of John Kennedy, providing for a prison sentence up to life for an attempted murder of a President. Recalled MacBride afterward: "That girl didn't bat an eye when I pronounced judgment." On her way out of the courtroom, however, Squeaky broke into screams that could be heard long after the doors had shut behind her. Because of the Manson family's bloody record, the judge was placed under protection for an indefinite time.



MOYNIHAN ADDRESSING THE U.N.; CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF REACTIONS TO HIS SPEECHES

THE WORLD

UNITED NATIONS

Shock Waves from an Infamous Act

When the United Nations General Assembly last month approved an Arab-sponsored resolution denouncing Zionism as a form of racism, U.S. Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan declared that the U.S. would never accept "this infamous act." Later he described the vote on Zionism as "an obscenity" and called it "a self-inflicted wound from which the reputation and integrity of the General Assembly may not survive in our time." Last week there was plentiful evidence that the shock waves from that Assembly resolution are still having an impact on the world. Items

► In New York, as the 30th General Assembly session drew to a close, Ambassador Moynihan renewed his verbal assaults on the Zionism vote, albeit obliquely. He told delegates that the session had been "a profound, even alarming disappointment," and that it had been "the scene of acts which we regard as abominations." Moynihan argued that the Assembly "has been trying to pretend that it is a Parliament, which it is not," and acridly (but accurately) observed that "most of the governments represented do not themselves govern by consent of their citizens." He then quoted a plea by dissident Russian Scientist and Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Andrei Sakharov for a worldwide amnesty for political prisoners. At this, the Soviet delegate, Yakov Malik strode out in protest.

The response of Afro-Asian delegates who had voted for the Zionism resolution was predictably cold. Pakistan's Iqbal Akhund made the observation

that no nation "has a monopoly on righteousness or self-righteousness," while Saudi Arabia's irrepressible Jamil Baroud offered a mock resolution forgiving "the illustrious Daniel Patrick Moynihan for any misconceptions he may have formed about the U.N. during his sojourn."

► In Paris, the U.S., as well as ten Western European nations plus Canada, Israel and Australia, decided to boycott a conference of the U.N. Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization after it voted 36-22 to include the General Assembly resolution on Zionism in a set of guidelines on the relationship of the press and the state. The conference was originally advanced by the Soviets in 1972, largely as a vehicle for legitimizing government control of the press as it is practiced in the U.S.S.R. The anti-Zionist measure was proposed by Yugoslavia and forced through by a bloc vote of Arab and Eastern European nations.

Some UNESCO officials in New York privately described the Paris vote as the expression of a death wish; they feel that the Arab states and their Communist allies are so intent on pursuing their isolation campaign against Israel that they are willing to destroy UNESCO and perhaps even the United Nations itself.

► In Mexico City, the government of Luis Echeverría Alvarez has been troubled by the prospect of an economic boycott, principally involving the tourist industry, carried out by American Jewish organizations in the wake of Mexico's vote for the Zionism res-

olution. Faced with a big drop in the country's billion-dollar tourist business, President Echeverría two weeks ago entertained a group of visiting Jewish leaders at a kosher luncheon (lox, roast chicken, white wine). He said that Mexico voted for the measure only because it was trying to prod Israel into a dialogue with the Arabs. He told them that Foreign Minister Emilio Rabasa was en route home from Israel after laying a wreath at the shrine of Theodor Herzl, the father of Zionism, and that he would ensure that future votes by Mexico would not be "misinterpreted or misunderstood" as equating Zionism with racism. Satisfied with Echeverría's explanation, the leaders returned to the U.S., expecting a public statement from the Mexicans that would clarify their position and a no vote the next time any proposed General Assembly measure lumped Zionism together with racism.

The Jewish leaders got the public statement last week when Mexico's U.N. Delegate Aida González Martínez declared that if Zionism simply meant "the legitimate national aspirations of the Jewish people," then it should not be equated with "colonialism and *apartheid*." Immediately afterward, however, the Mexicans cast another vote validating an anti-Zionist resolution, this one embodied in the declaration of the International Women's Year Conference. Across the U.S., Jewish groups and even some non-Jewish ones continued canceling millions of dollars worth of group bookings to Mexico.

ESPIONAGE

The Murder of Mehdi Ben Barka

On the gray afternoon of Oct. 29, 1965, Mehdi Ben Barka—a self-exiled left-wing Moroccan politician and a well-known critic of King Hassan II—was stopped outside the Brasserie Lipp on Paris's Boulevard St. Germain by two French agents. "You have a rendezvous with some politicians," said one of them. Ben Barka, 45, who was accustomed to being tailed by the police, climbed into the back of an unmarked Peugeot 403. The car drove off. Ben Barka has not been seen in public since.

The disappearance of Ben Barka grew into a scandal that rocked France. Because of widespread rumors that French intelligence agencies were involved, President Charles de Gaulle ordered a full-dress inquiry. Frenchmen were appalled to discover that a Moroccan political refugee had been kidnapped and presumably murdered in France with the apparent help of the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionnage (SDECE) which was and is France's equivalent of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

Open Case. Ben Barka's corpse was never found, nor were his suspected murderers. Even though the scandal has died down, the case remains open. Last October, one day before the tenth anniversary of his father's disappearance, Ben Barka's son Bachir, 25, brought judicial proceedings under French law "against unknown persons" for murder and complicity to murder, a maneuver to prevent the statute of limitations from running out.

TIME has learned that Ben Barka was indeed killed by three high Moroccan officials in an act of loyalty to King Hassan; one of them was former Interior Minister Mohammed Oufkir, who died in 1972; the other two were Moroccan agents, one of whom still holds an important position in the Rabat government; the other is reportedly still a Moroccan intelligence official. According to one of TIME's sources, Ben Barka's body was interred in the garden of a villa at Fontenay-le-Vicomte, a Paris suburb; 16 days later, for fear that inquisitive French police might discover it, the corpse was hastily exhumed and reburied on the southeast bank of the Ile de la Grande Jatte opposite the Boulevard General Leclerc, in another Paris suburb, Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Although Ben Barka was kidnapped by French intelligence agents, TIME has also learned that he was in the pay of the French. He received monthly stipends from a French scientific research center—in fact, a cover for intelligence activities in North Africa.

Also involved in the case was Israel's CIA equivalent, known as Mossad. Although Morocco later supported Arab

confrontation states in the Middle East wars, it had excellent relations with Israel after it became independent in 1956. For example, Morocco arranged, through the French, to have Mossad train its own fledgling secret service. Mossad's chief Moroccan contact was Oufkir. At one point after the Moroccans had decided to get rid of Ben Barka, Oufkir asked Mossad to obtain some poison for him. The agency declined, but later agreed to help tail Ben Barka, who was then living in Geneva.

Prince's Tutor. According to TIME's sources, this is the sequence of events that led to the murder of Ben Barka on that October day in Paris ten years ago:

A native of Rabat and the son of a grocer, Mehdi Ben Barka had been active in politics from the age of 14, when he joined a Moroccan independence movement. For a time he was a tutor to Hassan, then the country's Crown Prince. After Morocco gained its independence, Ben Barka's friendship with Hassan turned sour as he moved leftward in his politics and eventually headed Morocco's political opposition. In 1963, he was elected president of the National Consultative Assembly. Ben Barka later fled into exile in Algeria, and was condemned to death *in absentia*, allegedly for taking part in a plot against Hassan's life.

Even though Ben Barka moved from Algeria to Geneva, he was still considered a threat by Hassan. "This man dis-



MOROCCAN LEFTIST BEN BARKA IN 1963
"This man disturbs me."

turbs me," the King frequently said of Ben Barka. As chief of national security, Interior Minister Oufkir launched "Operation Ben Barka"—at first to keep track of the leftist dissident, but then to murder him. Working with French intelligence agents, Oufkir was able to lure Ben Barka from Geneva to Paris on a plausible but phony pretext: that Director Georges Franju (*Head Against the Walls, Red Nights*) wanted to make a film documentary about decolonization. Ben Barka was to meet Franju for lunch at the Brasserie Lipp when he was accosted by the two agents.

These men drove Ben Barka to the villa in Fontenay-le-Vicomte, which was

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE MURDER SCENE AT VILLA IN FONTENAY-LE-VICOMTE



THE WORLD

owned by Georges ("Jo") Boucheseiche, a small-time hood and bordello operator who also worked for the SDECE. About 30 men guarded the villa where Ben Barka was imprisoned.

Word that Ben Barka had been kidnapped was flashed to Rabat by Ahmed Dlimi, Oufkir's deputy for intelligence operations, who had surreptitiously entered France in order to supervise the first stage of "Operation Ben Barka." Oufkir immediately went to France; his cover story for leaving Rabat was that he intended to visit Switzerland, where his children were in school.

The second night after his capture, Ben Barka was confronted in a bedroom of the villa by Interior Minister Oufkir and by two other Moroccans. All three carried pistols. "Who gave you the authorization for what you are doing?" Ben Barka demanded angrily. Replied Oufkir: "We are here in the name of our master and for the sake of Morocco." For several minutes, the three Moroccans carried on a loud argument with their prisoner. Then one of them said: "Let's finish this comedy. You were sentenced to death in Morocco. Now you're going to get it." At that a shot rang out and Ben Barka fell dying. He was hastily buried at the villa. Afterward, Oufkir flew to Switzerland for his family visit and the other officials returned by roundabout routes to Morocco. According to TIME's sources, two of the agents present at the murder returned to France and supervised the reburial of Ben Barka's corpse.

Two months after Ben Barka's disappearance, French police in the course of their investigation searched the villa's garden. Of course, they did not find the body, which by then was lying in its grave on the Ile de la Grande Jatte.

Violent Deaths. Thirteen people were eventually charged with crimes related to the Ben Barka case, but few actually stood trial. Oufkir and an intelligence agent code named "Chouki" (real name: Mohammed Miloud) refused to return to France. They were convicted *in absentia* of illegal arrest and confinement and given life sentences. Dlimi did stand trial and was acquitted. Two of the French undercover agents got prison terms for "illegally detaining" him. Other people involved in the murder try to live in the shadows. Since Ben Barka's death, at least 37 people connected with the case have disappeared; some are known to have died violently. Oufkir reportedly committed suicide after the failure of an assassination plot against King Hassan in 1972. Two French operatives were murdered, a third, according to official reports, committed suicide as police moved in to pick him up for questioning. Villa Owner Boucheseiche, meanwhile, disappeared shortly after the murder and has never been seen again. "Too many people knew too much," one French participant told TIME. "The Moroccans and the SDECE have a long memory."



ALGERIAN FOREIGN MINISTER BOUTEFLIKA & KISSINGER IN PARIS

DIPLOMACY

The Rich v. the Poor in Paris

"Not so long ago," said Algeria's Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika, "today's event would have been an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable." He was referring to the 35-nation Paris Conference on International Economic Cooperation, the long-awaited meeting of rich nations, poor countries and oil-producing states (TIME, Dec. 22). Its purpose: to find ways to ease the increasingly desperate plight of the world's poorest states. After three days of speeches, private talks and public pronouncements, it was far from certain, despite Bouteflika's positive words, that the irreconcilable could be reconciled and that "the North-South cleavage," as he called it, could soon be overcome.

The Paris conference was never meant to be more than a ceremonial beginning. The real work will be done by four commissions over the next several months—or years. Yet the issues quickly became clear: the poor nations want a complete restructuring of the world's economy in their favor; the wealthy nations want to help them, but not so much as to make their own citizens suffer. More specifically, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger believes that the newly rich oil-producing countries, which have quintupled the price of oil since 1973, are to blame for much of the economic anguish in the underdeveloped world and should share the burden.

The seven members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries at the conference—Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Algeria, Indonesia, Venezuela and Nigeria—made ritual and occasionally heated objections to Kissinger's arguments. "Blaming the world's difficulties on [the oil producers'] actions and decisions not only is unconvincing," said

Iran's Interior Minister Jamshid Amouzegar, "but plays no useful purpose in this dialogue." Kissinger, however, was not really telling the OPEC nations that they should drastically roll back the price of oil. Rather, his aim seemed to be to drive a wedge between the oil producers and the truly poor. If that was indeed the American strategy, it had little success: the oil-producing states dominated their poorer brethren in the conference's deliberations. Four commissions were set up to examine the world's economic problems—under broad headings of energy, development, raw materials and financial questions—with co-chairmen from both developed and less developed nations. OPEC members took three commissions: only one went to a non-oil-producing country, Peru.

Mildly Hopeful. The commissions will start work on Feb. 11. A second conference of all the nations represented is tentatively scheduled for the end of next year. The U.S. is mildly hopeful that something positive will be accomplished, although none of the industrial states are likely to go along with a radical reordering of the world's economic structure. Kissinger has adopted a wait-and-see attitude. His proposals were primarily an elaboration of those presented at the United Nations in September. They included plans for using the International Monetary Fund to underwrite low export earnings in the developing countries and opening capital markets to the poor nations. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who had strongly promoted the conference, was also cautious. In the face of a "muted possibility of confrontation and selfishness," he said, "it would be illusory to underestimate the difficulties."

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A true story:

The Scene of the Crime: Elaine Finkelstein, her new Ford Granada Ghia...and the parking ticket.

"My parking ticket said Cadillac. But my car is a Ford Granada."

Elaine Finkelstein
Manhasset, New York

Exhibit A: The Ticket.



On October 2, 1975 the meter ran out on Elaine Finkelstein of Manhasset, New York:

"When I came out of the store and saw the parking ticket on my windshield, I thought Oh no! But when I looked at the ticket...and it said 'Cadillac'...I couldn't believe it! My car is a Ford Granada."

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FORD GRANADA

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THE HIGH SEAS

The War for Cod

Consider your basic *Gadus morhua*, otherwise known as the cod. Its skin is slimy. Its liver is smelly. Its mouth droops and its eyes bulge outrageously. Even its character seems less than admirable: the cod submits meekly to any fishhook in sight. Yet the lowly *Gadus morhua* is hardly friendless. Indeed, for the third time in 17 years, Great Britain and Iceland have deemed their attachment to the fish so vital that they are engaged in another "cod war" against each other.

All three conflicts broke out when Iceland, which depends on fishing for 80% of its exports, unilaterally decided to extend its territorial fishing limit. Last July the Reykjavik government declared that no other nation, without prior agreement, could fish within 200 miles of Icelandic territory; the previous limit, established in 1972, had been 50 miles. Icelandic authorities claimed that new scientific studies showed a drastic decline in young cod, those that have not yet reached breeding age. If these under-age fish continued to be harvested before reproducing, the total cod catch would decline ruinously within a few years.

London agreed that new conservation measures were needed. But, said Agriculture, Fisheries and Food Minister Frederick Peart, "we do not consider that the present state of the stock is so grave as to require extreme measures." The new rules proposed by Iceland would reduce the British catch, much of which winds up in fish 'n' chips, from 130,000 tons a year to 65,000 tons. Negotiations broke off last month after Iceland rejected London's

counterproposal of 110,000 tons.

Recently Icelandic naval vessels were sent out to harass British fishing trawlers by dragging the waters with a device that cuts the fishing-net towlines. Enraged British fishermen demanded government protection, and Prime Minister Harold Wilson reluctantly dispatched three Royal Navy frigates and three ocean tugs to fishing areas near Iceland to run interference for the trawlers.

Inevitably, things got nasty. While crossing the bow of the British tug *Euroman*, the Icelandic gunboat *Thor* was rammed and damaged. The British claim it was an accident; the Icelanders believe it was deliberate. In any case, given the North Atlantic's chronic wintertime high winds and rough waters, such naval games of chicken were bound to produce collisions. A fortnight ago the confrontation grew more serious. While seeking shelter from a gale two miles off Iceland's coast, the unarmed British ocean-going tug *Lloydsman* was fired on by the *Thor*. Iceland says the *Thor* fired one shot, which struck the British vessel. Britain says the Icelandic boat fired three shots that missed.

Potent Weapon. Iceland was outraged by what it regarded as continuing British aggression, and last week took its case to the U.N. Security Council. Icelandic Ambassador Ingvi Ingvarsson noted that both West Germany and Belgium had already agreed to limit their fishing and he demanded that Britain do the same. British Ambassador Ivor Richard blandly suggested further discussions between the two governments.

Iceland feels that there is little room for negotiation. "The natural resources at stake here do not mean anything to

the British economy as a whole," said Icelandic Foreign Minister Einar Agússon. "But they are Iceland's only natural resources and therefore not only important but a matter of life and death for us Icelanders. Without fish we haven't even a chance of survival." Tiny Iceland, moreover, believes that it has one potent weapon in its not-so-funny war with London. If Britain refuses to give in, it may well close NATO's surveillance station in Keflavik—a key to the protection of Britain's Atlantic lifeline in case of war.

TERRORISTS

Surrender in Amsterdam

Shortly after noon last Friday, the bright flag of the self-proclaimed South Moluccan Republic—red, with green, white and red bars—was pulled back inside a window of the Indonesian consulate in Amsterdam. Minutes later, 25 hostages—ten women and 15 men, most of them Indonesian—walked out of the building, cheering, waving and smiling. Soon afterward their seven captors surrendered to Dutch police. This ended one of the most bizarre episodes of terrorism in recent years.

The trouble began Dec. 2 when six South Moluccans took over a suburban Dutch railroad train: they vowed to hold it and its passengers hostage until the government of The Netherlands promised to help South Molucca Islands obtain their independence from Indonesia, a former Dutch colony. Two days later seven other South Moluccans invaded the Indonesian consulate, holding those inside hostage to back up the demands of their fellow terrorists. Three of the prisoners aboard the train were soon shot and killed by their captors, and one man died after jumping from a window of the consulate.

Despite popular cries that it use force against them, the Dutch government decided to wait out the terrorists, offering them no concessions at all. The tactic worked. First to surrender were the train hijackers (TIME, Dec. 22); they were quickly charged with murder. The South Moluccans inside the consulate, who had heard of the news of their companions' surrender on the TV and radio, gave in after their government's "President," Johan Manusama, assured them that the Dutch were willing at least to talk about the rebels' political situation in The Netherlands.

Removing the Barbs. Despite their 15-day ordeal, the hostages from the consulate were in surprisingly good health. None had to be hospitalized, and within hours all had returned to their families. By then, police had taken down the barbed wire that they had strung around the consulate—and that Amsterdammers had thoughtfully strung with Christmas decorations to make it look less forbidding.



"D'you know, I haven't had so much fun since the Battle of Jutland!"

PAKISTAN

Bhutto: Embattled but Unbowed

For the fourth anniversary of his government, Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto deliberately kept last week's celebration low-keyed. For one thing, he was well aware that former President Muhammad Ayub Khan had staged a lavish anniversary celebration in 1969, only to be forced from power three months later. For another, he recognized that he was under the strongest attack yet from his political opposition, which declared last Friday a nationwide "Black Day." The opposition's aim: to force Bhutto's resignation.

Bhutto did not resign, but the rising tide of bitterness signaled the end of an era of good will that had accompanied his takeover of power after Pakistan's defeat in the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war. Bhutto tried to repair the damage wrought by his predecessor, General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, whose brutal excesses in East Pakistan forced

Dacca early this month announced a forthcoming exchange of ambassadors. Pakistan has also been beset by recession, soaring inflation (25% a year) and devastating floods.

All these have provided ammunition for the political opposition, as has Bhutto's own highhanded tactics in putting them down. When his provincial cabinet minister for the Northwest Frontier province was murdered last February, Bhutto banned the National Awami Party—the principal party in the province—and arrested 300 of its leaders, including Khan Abdul Wali Khan, the leader of the opposition in the National Assembly. Most are still in jail. The battle grew more heated when security forces last month threw the opposition members out of the National Assembly, following a quarrel over passage of a constitutional amendment.

Last week Bhutto, 47, talked at his

itation against him and charges that he is becoming increasingly undemocratic." Excerpts from the interview.

ON HIS DOMESTIC OPPOSITION: Their politics are negative. They say, "Ah, we have aroused the students and labor, and we are having economic problems. Let's go, we have just to give the last heave, and he'll be on his knees." My unfortunate experience in the past four years has been that they come to agreements, and then they break them. Their attitude, I'm afraid, is a kind of legacy of the colonial era. Most of them knew that kind of politics in the days of the British raj. A trick here, a trick there. If the opposition plays a negative role, it's not possible for the government to play a positive role. Democracy demands reciprocity.

ON RELATIONS WITH INDIA: We have moved forward in a number of ways. If this progress seems insubstantial, it is because the rest of the world does not really understand the pace and the movement and the music of South Asia. Our quarrel, whether you call it an Indo-Pakistani dispute or a Hindu-Muslim one, is by far the oldest in the world. It goes back for centuries, and was further fanned by 150 years of British imperialism and its policy of divide and rule. Ancient feelings don't disappear all at once. But the Simla conference in June 1972 [at which Bhutto and Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi agreed to work toward better relations] was a good one. It is pure conjecture [that India might start a war]. But a man of prudence would not rule it out, and you have to be a man of prudence if you are running a country.

ON TIES WITH BANGLADESH: If the people of the two countries want good relations, neither India nor any other country can prevent those good relations from taking shape. Bangladesh was once part of Pakistan, so there will be considerable warmth in that relationship; no nation should misunderstand that. However, to what extent the relationship is to develop is really for the people of Bangladesh to determine. It was they who wanted the separation. It is now up to them to tell us how close they want to come to us. We don't want to kill Bangladesh with kindness.

ON HIS POLITICAL FUTURE: I am a fish out of water in any other profession. I used to come to my lands near here. I would play around a little, I would kick someone in the pants and say, "What the hell are you doing, you lazy fellow?" But I didn't really get involved. I couldn't. As long as politics remains in this country, I will be in politics, either in the government or in opposition. If there's no democracy, I might not live to tell the tale. But if I do live to tell the tale, I'd still be interested in politics. I have no other profession.



PRIME MINISTER BHUTTO SPEAKING AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN RAWALPINDI
Highhanded ways of coping with a rising tide of bitterness.

the province to break away and form the nation of Bangladesh. He pushed through a land reform program, gave the country a constitution that changed the government from a presidential to a parliamentary system, and reaped a windfall in aid (almost \$1 billion over the past three years) by improving Pakistan's relations with the Arab world.

But Pakistan's ancient quarrels with India and Afghanistan continue. Moreover, Bhutto's hope of a return to close relations with Bangladesh following the August assassination of President Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was shattered by a series of coups and counter-coups (TIME, Aug. 25), even though Islamabad and

home in Larkana with TIME's New Delhi bureau chief William Smith about Pakistan's problems; he had flown there to celebrate the Moslem holiday of 'Id al-Adha before making a four-day state visit to Sri Lanka. Sipping tea on the veranda of the rambling country house, he reminisced about his days at the University of Southern California during the late 1940s. Smith, who was then a student at California Occidental College and vividly recalls Bhutto's champion-sipping debating style, reported that "the Prime Minister's powers of persuasion are undiminished. He is also a very emotional man and clearly troubled by the mood of the citizenry, the sporadic ag-



FAMILIAL TOGETHERNESS: IN A COLONIAL AMERICAN KITCHEN AND A LIVING ROOM IN MODERN RHODE ISLAND

BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

Growing Up in America—Then and Now

ROBERT COLES

The following Bicentennial Essay is the fifth in a series that will appear periodically into 1976 and will examine how we have changed in our 200 years.

Childhood in America 200 years ago began at home: boys and girls were born there, most likely delivered by a midwife or simply a neighbor woman. There were virtually no obstetricians. Commonly the infants were delivered in a room specifically set aside for the purpose: the "birthing room"—much used because the children came one after the other and, alas, died far more often than is now the case. Historians estimate that year in, year out, about a third or more of all children died in infancy—in typhoid and smallpox epidemics, of diphtheria, dysentery and respiratory ailments. Measles exacted a frightful toll. And, of course, parents were helpless to do much except pray and wait. The medical "treatments" of the day were themselves a major source of sickness and even death: bloodletting, purging and bizarre concoctions.

For those children lucky enough to survive, life was not without its pleasures—and its points of similarity to the life of our own children. Two centuries ago, as with many of us, a child's birth was an occasion of pride. Christening blankets were a traditional gift; often quotations from Scripture were embroidered on them, and they were handed down over the generations. The children were breast-fed—or if their parents were rich and interested in emulating the latest London trend, a wet nurse was hired. The child was wrapped in "flannel sheets," as the homespun blankets or quilts were usually called, and bedded in a cradle; diapers in the modern sense were unknown.

When the children were old enough to begin walking, they were helped out by a colonial version of a go-cart. They were also put in a "standing stool," a small playpen of sorts. Bathing, as we practice it, was unknown. The bowl and pitcher were available, but children were not constantly washed and covered with powder or oil. As for play, some of the sterner, Puritanical parents were suspicious of games—especially so in New England—and indeed of anything that prompted laughter and enjoyment. Nevertheless, children were permitted to play sports, receive toys and in general behave at times rather like our own children do today. In colonial America girls had dolls, crude or simple ones, elaborately dressed and expensive ones. Boys rolled marbles and obtained jackknives as they became older. Both boys and girls had drums and hobbyhorses, tops and small animals carved out of wood, and alphabet blocks, not unlike the kind our own children still use. And colonial children played the same games some 20th century American children do: hopscotch, tag, blindman's buff, dominoes, cards. Slowly, as with our own boys and girls, hobbies, diversions or games became un-

intentionally educational in nature, as children copied adult activities, learning their "position" in society, a position then as now connected to one's sex, race and "background." Boys went fishing or hunting, girls played "house" and not incidentally learned to cook. The children of slaves learned to wait on other (white) children, as well as assist their parents in various menial tasks. Children of the rich were given dancing lessons, learned how to eat, dress, walk, talk in the proper way and, not least, how to give orders and receive the lavish attention and regard of others. There were sleigh riding and ice skating in the Northern colonies, and in the South cockfighting, which was not considered unfit for the eyes of children. In fact, children all over the colonies were taken to watch the public execution of criminals—another "educational" diversion.

As for education proper, the variations were wide. Of course, there was no widespread, relatively uniform public school system. In the rural areas and on the frontier, children were apprenticed early or simply worked alongside their parents at farming or housekeeping. Most city children in the North went to schools—but for varying lengths of time. Tutors were often an alternative in the South where distances between plantations made public schools impractical. Private schools were founded to serve the interests of those who wanted their children taught intensively and maybe with a particular religious point of view. In New England, parents had several options: keep the child at home, apprentice him, tutor him or her—or send him off to school. The schools were not, by and large, free. Nor were they compulsory in the sense that every child in a certain area had to attend them. Some fortunate boys were educated in grammar schools with college in mind: they studied the Bible, Erasmus, Aesop, Ovid, Cicero, Vergil, Homer, Hesiod; Latin and Greek. Above all, there was what might be called a strongly moral education. Such an education for the colonists was by definition religious—God's will made known to the child.

The very notion of childhood was rather different from our notion of it. Children were dressed in smaller versions of adult clothes and, from the toddler stage on, were taught to obey their parents, pray long and hard to God—and fear his retribution. The father ruled the family, handing down orders to wife and children alike. The minister's words were given enormous respect. Church lasted many hours, not one, and was very much at the center of the family's life. Children were not coaxed, begged, bargained with; they were told and expected to respond immediately. Hell was believed to exist and to be full of properly suffering sinners. Even the most gentle and kind of parents feared hell for themselves and for their children, unless they learned to abide by the Ten Commandments and Christ's teaching



PILGRIM FAMILY WORSHIPS AT PLYMOUTH, DR. SPOCK EXAMINES CHILD

Not that there was no gentleness and compassion shown children. Even Cotton Mather, that stern Calvinist moralist, loved his children and tried to be attentive and considerate toward them; certainly he showed them affection and even a humorous side of his personality. But especially in New England, children were held to strict account. A parent's love was measured by his or her sternness, though historical accounts show mothers less demanding and more acquiescent than fathers—and Southerners far more easygoing than Northerners. In fact, among the Southern gentry, children were virtually handed over to an assorted collection of nurses, tutors and servants who catered to their needs, taught them good manners and civility, how to ride, hunt, shoot, how to read the contemporary equivalent (the classics) of the right books. Usually the children were brought in to be with their parents for only an hour or two at night.

In 1975 it is obviously quite another matter for a child born in America, though by no means is there now a uniform childhood for all. Although our infant mortality rate is higher than that of many Western democracies, it is still overwhelmingly likely (984.5 chances out of 1,000) that a child born in this country will survive infancy. Longevity has more than doubled in two centuries, and so has the duration of childhood. In 1775 a boy or girl of seven or eight, especially if his or her parents were not very well off (and few were), might already be learning a trade or working in the field, or cooking and cleaning and taking care of even younger children. The usual age of students who entered college was 15 or even less. Young people married quite early and began to have children immediately. Now childhood extends, arguably, into the end of the second decade of life. The concept of "adolescence" is ours—and was unknown to colonial parents. Our children are increasingly likely to have been carefully chosen—in the sense that contraceptive devices and pills, along with legalized abortion, have separated sex from the inevitability of childbearing. Families are smaller. Children are by no means hurried into adult responsibilities. In fact, they are granted not only special foods, special doctors, but also a separate and distinct psychology and morality to which the grown-up world is urged (moralistically) to accommodate itself—or else. The nearest we come to Satan and his hell is for a child to be cursed by the demon of neurosis or worse. Parents address themselves to that threat by resorting to a psychiatrist rather than prayer and ministerial guidance.

More than the people of any other country in the world, Americans in 1975 publicly talk about and worry about their children. We have the overwhelming majority of the world's child psychologists and child psychiatrists. Our universities and, increasingly, our high schools devote themselves to a proliferation of courses in child development. Journalists offer daily newspaper advice on child rearing. Books (and there are dozens of them) like those written by Dr. Spock attract an enormous, eager and sometimes all too glib readership. The prevailing concern of parents is not what the child ought to believe and live up to (in the way of standards, rock-bottom beliefs, a religious faith) but what is "best" for the child. Every effort is made to "understand" children, even infants under one: what is going on in

ESSAY

their minds and how we might get "closer" to them, become more "empathetic" toward them, succeed in "helping" them along—through various "periods," "crises," and so on.

Of course, there are exceptions; among hundreds of thousands of black, Chicano and Indian families, among many of Appalachia's people and in our urban ghettos, which seem to grow and grow, one finds children who are hungry, malnourished, plagued by a variety of untreated illnesses and certainly not catered to—not at home, not at school, not in the neighborhood. There are even children in this country in this century who are born in circumstances no better than those obtained in 1775. If medical knowledge was, at best, primitive at the time of the American Revolution, the first-rate medical care now available for pregnant women and children is of no consequence at all for many migrant farm families or black tenant farmers or poor white people up the hollows of West Virginia and Kentucky or Indians on various reservations. I have worked with children who were delivered under the saddest and most dangerous conditions—delivered not even by midwives but by a nearby friend or neighbor of their mother, and in cabins that lacked running water, electricity, even a semblance of decent sanitation. Those same children never see a doctor, often go only fitfully to school, experience a confused, harassed and in some cases uprooted childhood, and have a life expectancy much lower than that of other children. Their parents are not "child-centered"; their parents are frightened, vulnerable, grim and themselves hungry, jobless, constantly apprehensive. It is one thing to live in a world that altogether lacks good sanitation, electricity or good medical care, as did colonial Americans, but in compensation to feel the self-respect that goes with being an accepted and welcome member of a particular community. It is quite another thing to watch one's children suffer and live extremely marginal lives while other children have quite different, vastly better prospects.

If the poor are lucky to get by from day to day, middle-class parents have their eyes on something else—the future, which becomes concretely symbolized in the child: through him, through her, one can get hold of the future, secure it, possess it, mold it, ensure it. With the decline of religion and an increasing affluence, the happiness, security and welfare of children become for many a major obsession which, in turn, has a broad and strong impact on the way children look, play, get educated and, not least, are treated at home. In our middle-class suburbs, infants and children often have more toys and gadgets, more clothes than they or their parents know what to do with. Often those children have more food, too, than their bodies can effectively use—with obesity the result. After 15 years of work with the children of America's poor and working-class families, I have, in recent years, been getting to know boys and girls of affluent parents, and it has been some adjustment for me—especially when I have heard mothers and fathers of even nursery-school children talk about what they want from a school, what they hope to see happen in a school. The answer, in a word, is *everything*—loving

FATHER & SON: 20TH CENTURY SUBURB, 17TH CENTURY NEW ENGLAND



attention, learning that competes successfully with that offered anywhere else, character building, athletic excellence and, of course, psychological health (whatever that is).

In fact, for many parents, there is an ironic duality to their family life: on the one hand, a desire that children have the "best," and on the other hand a willingness to turn to others in order to make sure that such an objective is realized. Those others are doctors, teachers, camp counselors, "experts" of various kinds; they are the men and women who, it is hoped, will year by year work on a child, make him or her stronger, sounder, more ambitious, more effective, more competent—better able to get ahead and, very important, able to "cut the mustard," meaning deal with the difficulties and obstacles that present themselves to people in a highly advanced and still quite competitive society. In the background lurks fear: Will my child lose, will he or she slip back, will the result be failure, real or imaginary? No admission to schools like A or B, no acceptance at colleges like X or Y and, long before that, a lack of success at the hurdles of tennis and baseball, camp activities or a first dance? For many children, the problem is not how to survive, as it was 200 years ago, or even how to enjoy an already comfortable life, but how to make sense of an avalanche of possessions, opportunities, possibilities—all of which, in turn, generate demands such as no other children have ever had to face.

It is one matter when a child learns to fight his or her way out of poverty or insecurity and up, up, up. It is quite another matter when a child is taught to behave in a certain way, to go to certain schools or camps and get along at them in a certain way, because that is what a healthy, well-adjusted, "successful" child or youth manages to do. One mother, the wife of a well-to-do lawyer, has spoken to me repeatedly of her concern for her children. She knows they will probably find reasonably worthwhile jobs or professions when they are older. But she wants more from them—high competence, excellence, repeated demonstrations of academic and social success, because, of all things, such achievements would "prove" that the children have been brought up wisely, and are, as a consequence, quite "happy." When one asks her what, indeed, happiness is, the circularity of her thinking comes across quickly: happiness for a child is the knowledge that various challenges have been met, hence a feeling of accomplishment and, very important, the respect of others.

In a curious way, there is a distinct continuity between colonial America's notion of what children ought to be like and our present-day "enlightened" and "emancipated" notion. The Puritans saw evil everywhere, not excluding the minds of children. A child who obeyed his parents and spoke tactfully and courteously was a child whose behavior attested to his parents' Christian virtues. The parents had recognized sin in their boys and girls and fought it (relatively) and subdued it (mostly). By the same token, today's parents also strive hard to be found among the elect. That includes those who have read their Spock (in revolutionary days it was the philosopher John Locke who had all kinds of advice about child rearing) and have sought out the best psychological methods or techniques for handling their young children, the best "learning environments" for educating them—and having done so, been found winners. The children of these elect "cope" well, "adapt" well, are able to assert themselves without "anxiety," get along with others without too much "frustration." In both instances one detects at least a thread or two of Utopian thinking. Whether it be prayer and Christian piety or psychological "insight" and the "sensitivity" that is offered in "groups" or by individual experts, the point is to apply what one has been trying to obtain (God's grace, a psychiatrist's knowledge) to children. Thereby one builds something that lasts longer than a particular lifetime: the "New Jerusalem" or the "better, happier world" that several generations of people have hoped to build here in America.

Many of our contemporary educational problems and controversies can be understood as part of a persisting American ideological commitment to success—to a firm belief in its possibility, to a desire for proof of its achievement, here and now. Even Cotton Mather, no pagan hedonist or crass materialist or psychologically "oriented" suburbanite, wanted his children to prosper—and saw in such a fate for them a realization of him-



TEACHER & PUPIL: MODERN CHICAGO, OLD PENNSYLVANIA



self. Today many of us fight for our children as if it were heaven itself we have in mind as we roll up our sleeves or bare our teeth. If public schools lack certain qualities, then one must find them in private schools. If a particular community cannot provide what the child "needs," one must move elsewhere, or turn to various levels of political authority in urgent protest. If one book fails, or one educational philosophy, or one guru's written or spoken words, we do not become apathetic or skeptical or wryly amused; we do not turn to *ourselves*, and assume our own sovereignty, so to speak, as human beings who have a right, even an obligation, to hold on to certain ethical propositions, beliefs, standards—even at a sacrifice. Rather, we become restless, feel dissatisfied with someone or something "out there," and immediately undertake yet another search: so-and-so's new theory; a school that is radically different; or, in another direction, a school that won't give in to recent and suspect innovations. The men and women who settled this country in the 17th century and fought for its independence in the 18th century hoped that if they held themselves to account, worked hard and demanded much of their children, salvation would eventually come and, too, be anticipated by signs here on earth: the obedient, pious child as a prophet. We have yet to relinquish that role for our children; they may not forecast heaven or hell for us, but they are all we seem to feel we have—and our obsession with them may be our way of saying that we place little stock in the lasting value of everything else we have, often in such abundance.

Not that preoccupations do not undergo a change in character over time. Many parents today have become disenchanted with endless psychological explanation and proscriptions. The phenomenon of permissiveness was, to a degree, real, and not simply a cleverly used political epithet. Dr. Spock has acknowledged that perhaps he ought to have advised more firmness toward children at certain points in their lives. Anna Freud, the founding and guiding spirit of child psychoanalysis, has acknowledged a definite faddish element in the name of her own discipline. Right now the nature of America's future is in question; we are no longer indisputably the world's strongest power, with an apparently limitless supply of resources. As a result, the nation must begin acting more circumspectly, with more self-control and a greater willingness to live with ambiguities rather than attempt to come up with clean-cut solutions to every problem everywhere. By the same token, an increasing number of our parents are finding it possible to set limits on their children, to ask of them as well as give to them, and to regard them more realistically—as messengers of hope but not by any means guarantors of a near-perfect world to come.



Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist at Harvard, is the author of *"The Mind's Fate"* and *"Irony in the Mind's Life"*, and won a Pulitzer Prize in 1973 for his multi-volume study, *"Children of Crisis."* In February 1972 he appeared on TIME's cover.



LAUREN HUTTON & BURT REYNOLDS GROPING IN GATOR

That contented-looking fellow is Actor **Burt Reynolds**, starring as a backwoods Southern moonshiner in a new film titled *Gator*. The half-clad lady bending backward to please him is Actress-Model **Lauren Hutton**, playing an investigative reporter who falls into Burt's clutches. The movie, which is due for release next year, gives Reynolds his first chance to direct, and Co-Star Hutton, at least, says he did all right. "He was able to accept ideas from the ac-

tors; he even accepted some of mine," she reports. And what about that love scene, Lauren? "I kept asking for re-takes. It was the only scene we shot more than once."

The ad appears each day in the personals of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner*. It reads: "Mac" **McKuen** (If you may know of the above [spelling may vary] who worked in the Bay Area in 1933 [then aged 27] as a salesman pls. call Neilson & Green, S.F. 665-4386 Neilson & Green, it turns out, is a detective agency working for Pop Poet **Rod McKuen**, who hired the sleuths last month to track down his long-lost father. The poet, whose mother died in 1971, was born an illegitimate child in a Salvation Army hospital in 1933. Father disappeared shortly before his son debuted in 1933. "Having been born a bastard," says Rod, "I feel it has given me a head start on all those people who have spent their lives becoming one."

"I put on what I like, and I like naked women," insisted Impresario **Alain Bernardin**, who was host at a 25th anniversary celebration for his Paris night-spot, the Crazy Horse Saloon. On hand was Choreographer **George Balanchine**, who came to France to watch his Ravel ballets at the Paris Opéra. Said the appreciative Balanchine after surveying the legwork of Bernardin's 18 dancing show girls: "You ought to lend some of your ideas to the opera."

Oil-rich **King Khalid** of Saudi Arabia could doubtless afford a solid-gold Cadillac. Modestly, he ordered instead

the longest Cadillac ever built. The **Khalid** Cadillac, designed by Detroit's articulate extravert **Dollie Cole** in collaboration with Husband **Ed**, the former president of General Motors, is a somber navy-blue behemoth that is 25 ft. 2 in. long. The extra length was achieved by splicing in an additional 4 ft. amidships. The Caddy, with no bulletproofing, weighs 7,800 lbs. (v. the standard 5,889), requires supersuspension and stronger tires. Its air conditioning demands added insulation to overcome desert heat. Price: \$30,000. "Khalid," says Dollie, "didn't want anything flashy or Hollywoody—just a functional, mobile office for a working King."

The Pope, before whom presidents and kings have knelt and offered obeisance, suddenly fell to his own knees last week and kissed the feet of a Greek Orthodox religious leader. **Metropolitan Meliton** of Chalcedon. During ceremonies at the Sistine Chapel in Rome, the gray-bearded Metropolitan had announced that representatives of 250 million Orthodox Christians were preparing for theological dialogue with leaders of the world's 650 million Roman Catholics, which could lay the ground for reunification. The great schism between the two bodies dates back to 1054, when the churches of Pope Leo IX and Greek Orthodox Patriarch Michael Cerularius of Constantinople angrily excommunicated each other's leader. Said the stunned Metropolitan after the incident with Paul: "Only a saint has the courage to do what the Pope did."

The invitations came in the form of a subpoena, and the party itself took place in an abandoned Los Angeles jail. Guests included Performers **Charles Bronson**, **Jill Ireland** and **Jacqueline Bis-**



CRAZY HORSE CHORUS GIRLS DEMONSTRATE THEIR LEG WORK ON ANNIVERSARY NIGHT



CAPOTE MUGS FOR A PARTY PICTURE

PEOPLE

set, who were frisked, photographed and fingerprinted at the door. The mock lockup was all in honor of Author **Truman Capote**, who is currently in Hollywood portraying a criminologist who becomes a victim in *Murder By Death*, his first movie as an actor instead of a screenwriter. Capote allowed as how a night in the slammer was welcome respite from his daytime job. "Making movies is hard work," burred Truman. "They had me lying on the floor with a knife in my back for two days."

According to one guest, it was a marriage ceremony featuring Washington power and Boston brains. **Richard Goodwin**, 44, a former speechwriter for the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and **Doris Kearns**, 32, a Harvard government professor who once served as **Lyndon Johnson's** White House confidante, stopped talking politics long enough to exchange wedding vows last week in Massachusetts. The pair had been collaborating on a history of the Johnson years until a tangled legal dispute between Basic Books, Simon & Schuster and the authors caused Goodwin to drop out of the project last June. They were wished better luck in their new joint venture by 175 guests including Senator **Ted Kennedy**, Writer **Norman Mailer** and Historian **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.** "It's a pity my wife isn't here," observed Schlesinger after the crowded ceremony in the Goodwins' home. "She is two feet taller than I am and could have seen it all."

Actor-Director **Orson Welles** will do a mind-reading act, and Comedian **Bill Cosby** will play a fumble-thumbs straight man. But the star of NBC's Dec 26 special will be **Doug Henning**, 28, Canadian-born escape artist, magician and

current Broadway star of *The Magic Show*. For his debut as host of a live TV special (*The World of Magic*), Henning will attempt Houdini's famous water-torture escape trick, a piece of submerged wizardry last performed by the master himself in the 1920s. With hands manacled and feet padlocked in stocks, Henning will descend headfirst into a tank of water. To break Houdini's record, he must escape within two minutes. If he wants to continue his TV career, he'll have just a bit more time. Says Doug: "I can only hold my breath for 2½ minutes."

There she was, sounding like a sightseeing bus driver. Actress-Singer **Ann-Margret**, 34, had come to Paris for a part in Director **Claude Chabrol's** new movie *Crazy Bourgeoisie*, a pillow comedy co-starring **Bruce Dern** and **Stéphane Audran**. Between scenes for her cameo role as a philandering translator, the actress did some Paris sightseeing. "Wherever you go there are always these fabulous restaurants or monuments or boutiques," she commented, displaying her celebrated eye for detail. Ann-Margret added that she had picked up at least one extravagant souvenir during her travels—a mink coat for Husband-Manager **Roger Smith** on his 43rd birthday. Customs officials, please note.

"Maureen. Thank God, she can cope with anything, just by being a bundle of nerves," drawled Playwright **Tennessee Williams**, 61, after watching **Maureen Stapleton** star in the umpteenth production of his masterwork, *The Glass Menagerie*. Though Williams criticized



ANN-MARGRET ON THE PROWL IN PARIS

Broadway's Circle in the Square Theater as a "gymnasium," New York Times Critic Clive Barnes called the revival of the 1944 work "magnificent." After offering praise to Stapleton and Cast Members **Rip Torn**, **Pamela Payton-Wright** and **Paul Rudd**, Tennessee expressed some surprise at *Menagerie's* longevity. "They teach it in college now, and everybody approaches it as though it were a place of worship," he observed. "Frankly, I fall asleep at times."



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS & MAUREEN STAPLETON HAM IT UP BACKSTAGE IN NEW YORK

MAGICIAN HENNING MAKES A TEST RUN

Three Fights for Justice

From Emile Zola's "J'Accuse" on behalf of Alfred Dreyfus to Columnist William F. Buckley's decade-long effort to free convicted Murderer Edgar Smith there has been a long history of laymen trying to overturn what they see as injustice wrought by police, lawyers and judges. Undoing the law's due process is an enormously difficult task. But last week two such efforts by laymen were gathering momentum and one was finally triumphant.

RALLYING FOR REILLY

To Playwright Arthur Miller, the why of violence has always been dramatically crucial—whether it is a man's murder of his family benefactor (*A View from the Bridge*) or the suicides of Willy Loman and Miller's former wife, Marilyn Monroe (*Death of a Salesman* and *After the Fall*). So last year Miller's interest was aroused when he heard about Peter Reilly, 18, who had been convicted of manslaughter for the 1973 killing of his mother in Canaan, Conn.—not far from Miller's home. Reviewing the evi-

dence and the confession (which Reilly made after many sleepless hours of interrogation and later recanted), Miller had doubts. For example, says the psychologically oriented playwright, Reilly, after confessing, "reached no cathexis, no discharge of a new order of feeling toward the hated mother he [supposedly] killed. This is not believable."

Well aware that it would take more prosaic evidence to convince a court, Miller and some friends—including Novelist William Styron and Director Mike Nichols—hired a new lawyer and a private detective and persuaded the *New York Times* to look into the case. Last week a story by *Times* Reporter John Corry detailed Reilly's movements on the fatal night. According to various witnesses (not all of whom, inexplicably, were called at the trial), the boy left a church meeting at about 9:40, dropped off a friend at 9:45, then made the five-minute drive to his own home where he says he found his mother's body. Her neck had been nearly cut through; she had other stab wounds; three ribs and both thighs were broken. About 9:50, he made a frantic call to a friend's house, then phoned a doctor's home and spoke to the doctor's daughter-in-law for about three minutes before deciding to call a hospital. Police say that the hospital's evening supervisor called them at 9:58.

Miller and the others looking into the case point out that in that time sequence, Reilly would scarcely have been able to commit a brutal, time-consuming murder. They also claim numerous other flaws in the prosecution's case. Reilly is now out on bail, a request for a new trial has been filed, and a simultaneous appeal is pending in the Connecticut Supreme Court.

STORM OVER HURRICANE

Fred Hogan was serving an Army hitch in Europe when he read about the 1966 murder conviction of Rubin Carter, once the third-ranked middleweight boxer in the U.S. Hogan had known "Hurricane" Carter slightly, and to him the prosecution story just did not seem

to add up, even though around Paterson, N.J., where Carter lived, he was known as a trouble-prone black militant. The case gnawed at Hogan until 1970 when he became an investigator in the Monmouth county public defender's office and was finally allowed to visit Carter in prison. Convinced that the boxer was innocent, Hogan could not interest his office in helping. So he began looking into the case on his own time.

In June 1966 two black men armed with a shotgun and pistol shot up a white working-class bar in Paterson, killing the bartender and two of three customers. Fears of racial violence that summer were high, a \$10,500 reward was posted, and the mayor pledged three months' vacation to the cop who solved the case. Four months later, police charged Rubin Carter and his friend John Artis, who had been seen driving their car in the vicinity of the shooting minutes afterward. Though the surviving bar customer insisted that Carter and Artis were not guilty, the two were convicted—largely on the "eyewitness" testimony of two whites—petty criminals who had been burglarizing a nearby office and claimed to have seen the fleeing gunmen.

Hogan was not able to get very far toward breaking the jury's verdict until he and Film Writer Richard Solomon, who was also interested in the case, enlisted the aid of Selwyn Raab, a seasoned investigative reporter then working for a local public-TV station (later for the *New York Times*). In 1974 Hogan got one of the burglars to admit that he had not witnessed the murder; under Raab's questioning, the other independently admitted that the two gunmen he had seen were not Carter and Artis.

But the original trial judge turned down a bid for a retrial, saying that the recantations "lacked the ring of truth." With an appeal now before the New Jersey Supreme Court, a campaign of publicity and pressure (masterminded by New York Adman George Lois) has been aimed at getting Governor Bren-

PETER REILLY OUT ON BAIL



CARTER WAITING IN PRISON

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For good taste.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

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ASPEN

THE FLYING HORSE OF KANSU



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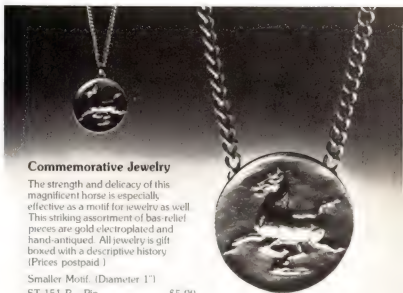
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THE LAW

dan Byrne to look into the case and at least release Carter and Artis from prison until the state supreme court acts. Two weeks ago, the campaign culminated in a Manhattan fund-raising concert headlined by Bob Dylan, who has written a protest song about Carter. Meanwhile, Governor Byrne has ordered and received his own investigative report. He is expected to announce his decision this week.

THE UNSAVORY BIKERS

More than a year ago, recalls an editor of the *Detroit News*, "this girl wrote us about her old man and some others being convicted of murder. Naive guy that I am, I thought she meant her father." The editor might have done nothing about the letter if he had realized the girl was talking about a man she used to live with—one of four bearded, cocky, foul-mouthed motorcyclists sentenced to the gas chamber in New Mexico for the mutilation slaying of an Albuquerque man in February 1974. Still, some of the condemned cyclists were from Michigan, and the *News* decided to send a reporter to cover the story. Last week—some 100 stories later—the paper proudly bannered the news that the four had been freed.

From the outset *News* Reporter Douglas Glazier, a police-beat veteran, sensed the possibility of a railroading. The nomadic bikers had been picked up elsewhere on another offense; they were convicted of the Albuquerque murder after a motel maid fingered them and testified that he had been raped, tortured with a hot knife and made to watch the killing. Glazier rounded up gasoline credit-card receipts backing the bikers' claim that they had not been in Albuquerque at the time. Then a former policeman admitted to Glazier that the maid had told him she had lied. *News* Reporter Stephen Cain found her in Minnesota, where she recanted: she had no scars from her supposed torture and said that police had promised to pay her tuition in secretarial school in return for her testimony. But when she repeated the new version of her story to a judge, he ruled that there was not sufficient reason to disbelieve her first story.

Then last September, a drifter named Kerry Lee "found God," as he put it, and confessed to police in South Carolina that he had committed the murder. With Albuquerque police none too anxious to attack their own original theory, Glazier and defense attorneys for the bikers went to South Carolina to get Lee's story. They confirmed that the murder gun, for example, had belonged to the father of Lee's girl friend. Though the district attorney persisted in backing his first charge, a judge last week finally quashed the murder indictments and turned the bikers loose. "Sure these were unsavory guys," says *News* Editor Martin Hayden, "but if they were innocent of murder, we couldn't see them executed."

She will never forget the pain of poverty.



Patsy knows what it is to be poor—so poor she has to live in a slum on the outskirts of a big city in India.

She knows what it feels like to be hungry, to wear cast-off clothes, to sleep on the floor because there is no bed for her.

Patsy lives in a rented home that has only two rooms. She shares the two rooms with her parents and six brothers and sisters. There is no furniture.

Though he works hard, Patsy's father earns less than \$250 a year, not nearly enough to provide for the family's needs. Her mother is illiterate and does not have a job. And a child like Patsy cannot change her drab, hopeless life—unless someone more fortunate will help.

But Patsy is one of the lucky ones who now has a chance to escape from this poverty. She has a kind sponsor here in this country who is helping her through the Christian Children's Fund.

Patsy attends a school affiliated with CCF. She gets her school uniforms and other clothes and her books, and at the school she is given breakfast, lunch and snacks.

For Patsy, going to school—getting an education—is the happiest part of her life. You see, in spite of all her troubles, little Patsy wants to be a teacher when she grows up. And if she succeeds, she can become a useful adult, able to help other youngsters learn to rely on themselves.

Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this person-to-person way of sharing your love with needy children—deserving children like Patsy who want only a chance to make it on their own. They need your help or their lives may be stunted by poverty and neglect.

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CAINE & CONNERY IN KING

Rogues' Regiment

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

Directed by JOHN HUSTON

Screenplay by JOHN HUSTON and GLADYS HILL

John Huston has been wanting to make this movie for more than 20 years. It was worth the wait. A mellow, brassy, vigorous movie, rich in adventure and melancholy, *The Man Who Would Be King* represents the best work Huston has done in a decade. Like *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1947), *The Man Who Would Be King* is also a meditation on the excesses of ambition and avarice.

Huston and Gladys Hill's adaptation of the Rudyard Kipling short story set in 19th century India takes some liberties with plot but holds to the original spirit. Kipling himself even shows up as a major character, wittily played by Christopher Plummer. He serves as a stand-in for the story's narrator, a slightly dazed sounding board for the wild ideas and adventures of Danny Dravot (Sean Connery) and Peachy Carnehan (Michael Caine). These two shopworn soldiers of fortune, after time in Her Majesty's forces, set out on their grand exploit: to become kings of the remote country of Kafiristan, a primitive land in a far corner of Afghanistan. "They have two-and-thirty heathen idols there," Danny announces. "We'll be the thirty-third and -fourth."

Penny Whirligig. Dravot and Carnehan succeed beyond their wildest dreams, and then fall farther than their worst fears. They sweep into the country with a shipment of rifles, organize the natives into armies and take over as rulers. Danny is taken for a god and made king. The wealth of the entire country is at hand and ready for plunder. Danny, however, decides to live the dream, take a wife and settle into monarchy. Before Peachy starts back across the mountain with half the national

treasury, Danny asks him to stay for the wedding. At the ceremony, Danny's new bride bites him on the cheek, and he bleeds. He is thus revealed as mortal and punished accordingly. Danny stands on a rope bridge over a chasm, while one of his former subjects cuts the supports with a sword. Peachy, held captive, watches his comrade tumble from the bridge, "twisting in the air like a penny whirligig. He took half an hour to fall."

The movie is sentimental, without apology, but hard-edged too. The sight of Peachy's booty sliding down a mountainside recalls the gold dust in *Sierra Madre* blowing away in the Mexican wind. Huston includes many of the visual asides and unguarded gestures—like a village chieftain preparing for a beheading by sharpening his sword on a stone wall—that have always given his work such rich texture. Caine and Connery make a splendid couple of cronies, full of bluff and swagger.

The Man Who Would Be King is a welcome return by a film maker who, like Peachy and Danny, has indulged in many precipitous adventures. And, like Peachy, Huston, 69, has come back to tell the tale.

Jay Cocks

Gasbag

THE HINDENBURG

Directed by ROBERT WISE

Screenplay by NELSON GIDDING

The Hindenburg contains many beautiful, technically ingenious shots showing a model of the great airship sailing majestically through all sorts of weather and cloud conditions. It also contains many lovingly detailed re-cre-

ations of the craft's interior—the elegantly appointed public rooms, the bridge, the 804-ft.-long canvas hull where the volatile hydrogen that kept the thing afloat was stored.

This quasi-documentary material keeps the movie afloat because there is something undeniably romantic about dirigibles. A glimpse of the last and greatest of them on its final voyage, which ended with the famous explosion at Lakehurst, N.J., in 1937, is strangely affecting.

The cause of the catastrophe has never been established, but a few years ago a writer named Michael M. Moon popularized a theory that the ship was sabotaged by a crew member acting for the anti-Nazi underground in Germany. The film tries to dramatize this thesis, but the effort is unsuccessful.

Alerted to the possibility of sabotage, the Nazis place a Luftwaffe colonel (George C. Scott) aboard as a security man. Being a reasonably alert fellow, he cannot fail to observe that there is a feverish, guilty quality about a rigger named Boerth (William Atherton). The screenplay's attempts to generate a little mystery by introducing red herrings from the passenger manifest are laughable, since such worthies as Anne Bancroft, Gig Young and Burgess Meredith constitute nothing more than the customary ship of fools. It is hard to understand why Scott wastes time on them. As the only good guy the movie's got Scott must be portrayed as an anti-Nazi sympathetic to the point of finally becoming virtually a co-conspirator with Atherton—thus blunting the drama of their confrontations.

The film ends, of course, with the

VOLATILE HYDROGEN ABOARD A SHIP OF FOOLS: THE HINDENBURG EXPLODES, 1937



Hindenburg's destruction. This is rather artfully managed through a blending of newsreel footage and well-matched black-and-white fictional material showing what happened to the movie's characters during the holocaust. Again, however, technique not drama holds us. The effects may be worth the price of admission, but the movie remains an adroit memorial to a technological curiosity, cold and incapable of touching us emotionally.

Richard Schickel

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Sex Rock

While television cameras rolled, the Rev. Charlie Boykin of Tallahassee, Fla., set fire to \$2,000 worth of rock records. He did the same thing a month ago after learning that a poll of North Florida high schools revealed 984 of the 1,000 unmarried girls sampled had become pregnant listening to pop songs—during fornication, of course. Next month he plans to take his protest to Pansey, Ala. Actually, he might just as well burn the air waves. Just a twist of the AM dial demonstrates how far things have gone. On the average, 15% of air time is devoted to songs like *Do It Any Way You Wanna, Let's Do It Again, That's the Way I Like It* and *I Want'a Do Something Freaky to You*. Radio's hottest song right now is also the most lubricious: *Love to Love You Baby*. Donna Summer's marathon of 22 orgasms.

Yummy Yummy. Boston-born Donna, a former singer in the German production of *Hair*, who has been singing and modeling in Europe for the past eight years, wrote the lyrics herself. They are stunningly simple—mostly five words repeated 28 times. Donna's message is best conveyed in grunts and groans and languishing moans. Her goal is to make an album "for people to take home and fantasize in their minds." First she fantasized all alone in a dark studio, listening to the song's prerecorded track. "I let go long enough to show all the things I've been told since childhood to keep secret." She and her promoter, Neil Bogart, the president of Casablanca Records (previous hits: *Chewy, Chewy* and *Yummy Yummy Yummy, I've Got Love in My Tummy*), are being hailed as the sex rock pioneers.

Their profits can only grow. Radio's electronic orgasmatron shows no signs of exhaustion. Only nine years ago, the Rolling Stones had trouble getting *Let's Spend the Night Together* on the air. But that was before radio became the billion-dollar record industry's top sales force. Once dormant FM stations now compete for AM's vast audience, who are mostly disc-hungry teen-agers with money to burn. Orgasmic rock, which flourishes on singles, does not outsell everything else; the top records are soft, romantic rock albums. But when a company wants to launch an unknown or bolster a flagging group, the trick is to slip into an album a throbbing rhythm-and-blues number that can be made into a single for repeated Top 40 AM airings.

So far, the FCC has kept mum on sex rock. In 1971, when there were complaints about such suspect drug songs as *White Rabbit*, *Puff the Magic Dragon* and *One Toke Over the Line*, the FCC drew up guidelines on the airing of dope lyrics. The agency is impotent about sex, however. Explains Jason Shrinley, the



DONNA SUMMER RECORDING *LOVE*
Marathon of 22 orgasms.

lawyer who represents 200 radio stations before the FCC: "Sex is so subjective. The FCC doesn't know what standard to use."

The stations do. "People just want to dance and get it on," says Tom Yates of L.A.'s KLOS-FM, an opinion confirmed by market researchers employed by the largest stations. Still, nothing can be left to chance. At Preview House in Los Angeles, new songs are tested before a demographically selected group of 400 teen-agers. As each number is played, the kids turn their dials between Very Dull and Very Good. Some seats are equipped with "basal skin response sensors" to measure the involuntary spasms of the nervous system. "An orgasm sound never fails to produce a sharp spike in the BSR response," says Larry Heller, music director of Preview House. TV viewers need not feel jealous. They can get their own kick every time a Bic ballpoint pen commercial comes on with its "Flick my Bic" punch line.

The Final Cut

"Liza has been cheated out of an Academy Award by the new ending to this movie," declared Burt Reynolds. His audience, entertainment editors from all over the U.S. and Europe, was fascinated. They were gathered on the *Queen Mary*, which is docked in Long Beach, Calif., to see a showing of the \$13 million *Lucky Lady* (TIM, Dec.

The Year's Best

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE. All about a middle-aged widow and her smart-mouthed son trying to make a new life for themselves. Directed with raucous, stops-out vitality by Martin Scorsese and fiercely well acted by Ellen Burstyn, Diane Ladd and Harvey Keitel.

BARRY LYNDON. One of Stanley Kubrick's most audacious excursions, about a rake's progress and comeuppance. The movie is stunningly beautiful and bleakly—sometimes madly—funny. Though the pace is deliberately slow and careful, *Barry Lyndon* is finally an exciting film because Kubrick's gift for poetic irony charges every scene.

JAWS. The great white shark brought in \$150 million, promoted a lot of jokes about ocean swimming and made, not incidentally, a vastly entertaining thriller directed by Steven Spielberg.

JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL. Claude Chabrol's caribolic comedy about murder among the upper classes and the insupportable burden of forgiveness.

THE MAGIC FLUTE. Mozart and Ingmar Bergman: a combination made somewhere in the higher celestial regions. An ebullient and quite ravishing version of Mozart's morality tale that is part recreation, part reinterpretation.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING. See previous page.

NASHVILLE. Martin Altman's rhinestone epic of contemporary America, told with casual, muted force through the lives of a couple of dozen stars and hopefuls in the country-music capital.

THE PASSENGER. A thriller that is also a cipher about a journalist (Jack Nicholson) who swaps identities with a dead man. Michelangelo Antonioni's film is full of dead-end romanticism and voluptuous mystery.

TOMMY. Ken Russell has taken *The Who's* rock opera and used it as the basis for an outrageously funny and vulgar assault on the excesses of pop culture.

THE WIND AND THE LION. A grand, wistful adventure, directed and written by John Milius, concerning the last of the Barbary pirates (Sean Connery). The movie is made affectionately in the mold of such larger-than-life romances as *Drums* and *Four Feathers*.



LIZA MINNELLI IN *LUCKY LADY*
Sailing off into the sunset.

22), starring Burt, Liza Minnelli and Gene Hackman. Stanley Donen, the film's director, was furious. Burt's assault was only the latest he has had to fend off since he decided to change the movie's ending a month ago.

Originally, *Lucky Lady* was to end with the deaths of Runrunners Hackman and Reynolds and a hysterical scene for Minnelli, the surviving part-

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

ner. But audiences do not flock to see downer endings. "I didn't want to make a bloody, serious film about rumrunning," said Donen. "You don't try to wring a tear out of an audience at the end of a film that promises humor."

The revised epilogue showed the trio 20 years later happily in bed together, and filming it was tough. The stars had dispersed, and only a day could be given to filming. In retrospect at least, no one liked the results. The makeup jobs used to age the actors were crude. When Reynolds saw himself, he cracked. "I looked just like Edmund Gwenn."

Raucy Moment. Liza, who flew in from Rome for the previews, threatened to back out of her promotion gigs. Donen also felt like reconsidering: "The makeup was bad," he said. "The scene looked like a variety turn on the *Cher* show." He finally went back to work and patched together a third ending, which shows the men alive and the still youthful trio sailing off into the sunset on their bright-work cutter. Since the picture will open on Christmas Day, this is presumably the final cut. The fractious stars went back to their promo activities, leaving Donen to reflect on a raucy moment in the ending he discarded. As the three middle-aged rogues grapple under the bedcover, Liza says, "You'd think by now we'd have this thing organized."

The Year's Most

MOST SATISFYING ACTING OUT OF A NATIONAL FANTASY: When as *Cher's* closing credits rolled Guest Star Jerry Lewis simultaneously pulled the star's hair and tickled her tummy button.

MOST SCROOGELIKE CORPORATE BEHAVIOR: The networks' insistence on spoiling Christmas before it gets started by scheduling annual reruns (some for the eighth and tenth times) of animated fairy tales that were lousy to begin with. Like the broken-down crooners propped up in front of too many holiday "specials" this time of year, the cartoons cannot be said to improve with age.

MOST SALUTARY CONTRIBUTION TO THE CREATION OF THE PROPER BICENTENNIAL SPIRIT: Frederick Wiseman's *Welfare* (PBS). With his customary cool compassion, TV's only great documentarian showed us not a bland and idealized portrait of what we have been but the inhumane and bureaucratized future that has already arrived for the poor and could dominate everyone's life by our 300th birthday.

MOST DISMALLY EARNST TOOTH FAIRY: Mr. Goodwin, the busybody druggist who is letting his musty store run photogenically down while he campaigns against cavities. Maybe a discount chain will drive him off the block in the new year.

MOST UNDERRATED SHOW: Lily Tomlin's comedy special (ABC). Audiences and critics generally ignored the year's brightest hour of humor by the medium's most solidly gifted talent.

MOST ABSORBING PROGRAMS NO GROWNUP SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABSORBED BY: Tie between *Guilty or Innocent: The Sheppard Murder Case* (NBC) and *Valentino* (ABC). Trashy subject matter redeemed by the total sobriety—and professionalism—of its presentation.

MOST PROMINENT THIRD WHEEL: Dan Rather on *60 Minutes* (CBS). The program remains the best commercial TV has to offer and its rescheduling in prime time is the only known benefit of a disastrous season. But Mike Wallace and Morley Safer really don't need any help from underemployed White House correspondents.

MOST IMPRESSIVE EVIDENCE THAT AGE HAS ITS BLESSINGS: Laurence Olivier (68). Katharine Hepburn (66) under the direction of George Cukor (76) in the delicious *Love Among the Ruins* (ABC).

MOST EFFECTIVE COUNTERPROGRAMMING TO THE COMMERCIAL NETWORKS: *Great Performances* and *In Performance at Wolf Trap* (PBS). The Fifth Freedom—freedom from yammer—is eloquently defended in programs that do not educate us about music or sell it to us, but offer it well performed without self-congratulation or apology.

EDUCATION

Crossroads at CUNY

For more than a century, New York's City College has enjoyed the reputation of a top-level school, a proletarian Harvard with such distinguished graduates as Felix Frankfurter, Jonas Salk, Bernard Malamud, Ira Gershwin and Alfred Kazin. In recent years, however, City College and the 19 other institutions that make up the tuition-free City University of New York (CUNY) have found it increasingly difficult to keep up their standards. Reason: a 1969 ruling that opened the doors of the university to any student holding a high-school diploma from New York City's school system, which graduates many functional illiterates. Result: CUNY was swamped with students who were ill-prepared even by the most generous standards to do college-level work. Last week the New York board of higher education voted 7-2 to require CUNY applicants to pass entrance examinations. Thus the experiment designed to give deprived minorities an opportunity to attend college reached an abrupt end.

Remedial Programs. Technically, the board's action was taken for economic rather than academic reasons. The budget jumped from \$325 million in 1969 to \$585 million last spring. In addition to the expense of absorbing more students (freshman enrollment increased from 29,937 in 1969 to a current high of 40,000), the number of full-time faculty members more than doubled, to 12,814 and remedial-reading and math programs set up to bring the new students up to college levels cost another \$30 million annually.

CUNY's new entrance requirement—an eighth-grade level in both reading and math—will still seem shockingly low to most Americans. Yet over the next four years, it will disqualify an estimated 10,000 students a year saving New York about \$16 million annually.

Reaction to the ending of open admissions was furious. Students staged protests and announced plans to file suit against the board of higher education. A CUNY sociologist released a report showing that most of those barred under the new standards would be minority students. Author Kazin, a professor at CUNY's Hunter College, suggested that more than money was involved in the move to end open admissions. "There is an illiberal strain in the country," he said. "It is a revolt against the masses in New York, against the idea that so many people are allowed to go to college at once."

But another CUNY graduate, Harvard Sociologist Nathan Glazer, seemed to put the ruling into better perspective: "It seems a highly reasonable notion that a college freshman be able to read and write at the eighth-grade level."



RUSSIAN GOALIE TRETIAK RANGES TO HIS RIGHT TO KICK OUT SHOT

Summit on Ice

On New Year's Eve in Canada, the nation will come to a virtual standstill between 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. The reason: a hockey game between the Montreal Canadiens and the Central Army Sports Club from the Soviet Union. Three years after the bitter, tightly contested showdown between the Russian national team and Team Canada, a group of National Hockey League stars, the Russians are coming back for another summit on ice. This time they will be sending two teams into battle with eight different N.H.L. clubs. "It's going to be like the play-offs," says Montreal Forward Yvan Cournoyer. "Everybody going all out."

The series of eight games is exactly the kind of test of international hockey supremacy North American fans have been clamoring for since 1972, when the Russians ambushed the N.H.L. stars, winning two and tying one of their first four games. Stunned N.H.L. fans complained that their team had been handicapped by limited training time and unfamiliarity with one another. "Wait until the Russians try to play *les Canadiens*," people said.

The games begin Dec. 28, and the two Russian clubs are going to be anything but pushovers. The Central Army team, a perennial power in Soviet hockey, will play with an attack line that may be the most potent in the world. Left Wing Valeri Kharlamov, a deft puck handler; Center Vladimir Petrov, a tireless speedster; and Right Wing Boris Mikhailov, a veteran considered by many to be "the soul of the team." Behind them in goal will be Vladislav Tretiak, nemesis of Team Canada in 1972. The other team, the Soviet Wings,

beefed up for the games with extra players, will be led by Alexander Yakushev, the leading scorer of the top Russian league.

Underlying the Soviet strength are stamina and disciplined play. "What they have over the N.H.L. is precision passing," says Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero. "It comes from playing with the same teammates even in off-rink sports like soccer and basketball." Hockey conditioning begins with six weeks of dry-land training before players ever step on the ice, including such grueling exercises as handling sticks with 20-lb weights. Pulse rates are monitored to check whether athletes are putting out

Rigid System. On the ice, the Russians skate as a five-man unit, working the puck into the slot in front of the goal rather than taking low-percentage outside shots. According to Shero, they also "like to overload a zone, throwing four men on one side, gambling that you'll panic and throw the puck away." Shero claims that use of one particular Russian practice technique—skating out of the corner to beat the goalie at close range—gave the Flyers 40 goals last year. Says he: "We won the cup with it."

Shero and his N.H.L. colleagues say they are not planning any special changes to combat the Russian style of play. They will rely instead on the strengths of home-grown hockey: better body checking and a generous supply of personal flair and determination. The Russians, despite—or because of—their rigid system, apparently envy those qualities. "We are very disappointed that Bobby Orr won't be playing," says one Soviet hockey official, speaking of the Boston Bruins' peerless but injured defenseman. "He is perhaps the greatest player of all time."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Rex Harrison, 67, paradigmatic English sophisticate of stage and screen; and his fifth wife, Elizabeth Harris, 39, daughter of Liberal peer Lord Ogmore; in an uncontested proceeding; in London. Harris recently told reporters that "Rex is the only man in the world who would disdainfully send back the wine in his own home."

Died. Maurice Edelman, 64, cosmopolitan British author and Labor M.P. who represented Coventry for over a quarter-century, while writing a succession of well-received political novels and plays (*A Call on Kuprin*, *The Prime Minister's Daughter*).

Died. General Earle G. Wheeler, 67, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1964 to 1970; of heart disease; in Frederick, Md. Wheeler in 1960 so impressed Candidate John Kennedy with his military briefings, that J.F.K. appointed him Army Chief of Staff. In 1964, President Johnson raised Wheeler to the military's highest post. As Chairman of the J.C.s, Wheeler helped plan and administer the U.S. war effort in Viet Nam and was one of the key figures involved in devising cover stories to conceal President Nixon's orders for the secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969-70.

Died. Theodosius Dobzhansky, 75, Russian-born geneticist whose work at U.S. universities and research institutes earned world acclaim; of a heart attack; in Davis, Calif. Dobzhansky, who came to the U.S. as a student and chose to remain when the spurious environmental doctrines of Stalin's pet geneticist, T.D. Lysenko, became Communist dogma, was best known for works such as *Genetic Diversity and Human Equality* and *Heredity and the Nature of Man*.

Died. Arthur Treacher, 81, English-born actor and archetype of the snooty butler; of heart disease; in Manhasset, N.Y. Treacher's first stage roles ranged from chorus boy to tragedian, but by the mid-'30s Hollywood had irrevocably type-cast him. While playing a conventionally polite butler in 1933, Treacher caught a director's attention with his acridly arch remarks. The character was hastily changed, and from then on, in dozens of movies, stage roles, and TV shows, Treacher perfected the persona of a cranky, bored, snobbishly insubordinate manservant.

Died. Noble Sissle, 86, bandleader-lyricist who teamed with Songwriter Eubie Blake to produce *Shuffle Along* and *Chocolate Dandies*. Broadway reviews that popularized such 1920s Sissle hits as *I'm Just Wild About Harry* and *Love Will Find a Way*; in Tampa, Fla.

1975-Farewell to a Everful Year... presented by Mobil.

Mobil and the Editors of TIME invite you to look back, and look into, the twelve eventful months of Nineteen hundred and seventy-five. Listen to the story of a year and what took place during it and as a result of it. Enjoy the biography of a year of challenge and change in every field, a spoken history of what happened, where and why and to whom.

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correspondents throughout the world as they review everything from Detente to the Dollar, the White House and the United Nations, the Middle East and Europe itself and, of course, the always lively world of Sports, Cinema, Theatre and Books.

1975 will be heard in the New York area on WOR-AM on December 28, 11:55 PM. And on the network of stations listed below at year's end. Please check your local paper for TIME's radio documentary of the year that was—and what it all adds up to.

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1975—A Farewell. Presented by Mobil and prepared by the Editors of TIME Magazine, in association with Keystone Broadcasting System and Cinema Sound, Ltd.

Crushing Verdict

One of the longest, costliest, most bitterly fought lawsuits in art history came to an end last week. It had been almost six years since Mark Rothko, whose large canvases filled with luminous rectangles of color had established him as a leader of American abstract expressionism, slit his wrists in his Manhattan studio, leaving his estate to a charitable trust for needy older artists. Under New York State law, Rothko's two children (Kate, now 24, and Christopher, 12) claimed 50% of it. Since 1970, the children and their lawyers alleged, there had been a conspiracy between Rothko's executors—Accountant

40% to 50% on consignment sales of the other 698 paintings.

Two of the executors were found guilty of conflict of interest: Reis because he had been a salaried accountant at Marlborough, Stamos because Marlborough was the dealer for his own paintings. Surrogate Midonick removed the three executors from the estate, voided all contracts between them and Marlborough, and assessed \$9,252,000 in fines and damages against them, Marlborough Galleries and Frank Lloyd, 64, Marlborough's owner. The total included a fine of \$3.3 million against Lloyd and Marlborough for contempt of court in selling a group of Rothkos in defiance of a court order. Arthur Richenthal, trial attorney for Reis and Stamos, called the verdict "overkill and legally erroneous ... at best a Pyrrhic Victory for the Rothko children."

The question remains: How can the money be collected? That, said New York Assistant Attorney General Gus Harrow at week's end, "is our headache, not the court's." Both Stamos and Levine are men of modest means, and though Bernard Reis owns a Manhattan town house and an art collection, it is not likely that more than a fraction of the \$9 million could be extracted from him.

That leaves Marlborough and Lloyd. But the New York gallery is only a small branch of the Liechtenstein-based financial labyrinth that Frank Lloyd (TIME, June 25, 1973) has built up over the years, and its American assets would probably not satisfy the judgment. In setting the contempt fine at \$3.3 million, Surrogate Midonick said

that Lloyd could pay it off by returning the paintings he sold to European investors and dealers in defiance of the court's 1972 injunction. But, says Harrow gloomily, this effort to make Marlborough disgorge may not work: the Rothkos involved are now worth more than \$3.3 million, and it may be cheaper for Lloyd to pay the fine.

It seems almost certain that Marlborough and the executors will appeal the verdict. The attorney general's office hopes so—before appealing, the losers may have to post a bond equal to the \$9,252,000, which would give the plaintiffs some tangible assets to seize, if necessary. "I intend to pursue Lloyd anywhere in the world to get the money," announced Edward Ross, lawyer for Kate Rothko. But the prospects of getting it seem far from conclusive.



MARLBOROUGH GALLERY OWNER FRANK LLOYD
In the labyrinth, uncertain prospects.

Bernard Reis, 80, Painter Theodoros Stamos, 54, and Anthropologist Morton Levine, 53—and his dealers, Marlborough Gallery, Inc. of New York. Alleged purpose of the conspiracy: to "waste the assets" of the estate, which consists of 798 paintings, valued by one expert witness at \$32 million.

After long pretrial hearings, an eight-month trial involving millions of dollars in legal fees and nearly 20,000 pages of transcripts, followed by 14 months of deliberation, New York Surrogate Millard Midonick handed down a crushing verdict. The executors, he found, had acted with "improvidence and waste verging upon gross negligence." They had sold 100 Rothkos to Marlborough for an "unconscionably low" \$1.8 million. They had also allowed Marlborough an inflated commission of

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RICHES REVEALED

Good morning to the day, and next my gold! Open the shrine, that I may see my saint." With the miser's first lines in *Volpone*, Ben Jonson put his finger on it: that deep connection between the two aspects of precious metal, as crude capital and as metaphor of heaven, that so long existed in Christian art.

Gold was the root of evil. But it was also the Apollonian ore, incorruptible and glittering, that elegantly symbolized the semipiternal radiance of God. Now that paper money and computer records have replaced the feel and ring of heavy metal, most of this symbolism is lost to us. But it remains physically preserved in the sacristies and vaults of Roman Catholic churches throughout Europe, and visitors to Italy this Christmas may get a strong sense of it from an exhibition organized at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni in Rome to mark the end of the Holy Year. Entitled "Treasures of Sacred Art," it has been culled from normally inaccessible church collections in Rome and nearby Latium. Included in brilliant array are coffers, crosses, monstrosities, ostensoria, chalices, candlesticks, vestments.

It goes without saying that Rome, as the capital of Christianity, was destined to become a thesaurus almost indescribably rich in these cult objects. Money, talent, raw materials and the competitive pride of rival orders abounded there over the long centuries and spread through the churches of the neighboring Papal States. Despite theft and fire and the plunderings of tourists from Alaric the Visigoth to Hitler's *Waffen SS*, a stupendous amount remains. In this show, more than 500 examples have been assembled by a group of scholars headed by Art Historian Paolo Cercato.

The earliest is a battered 5th century silver votive lamp, dedicated to St. Sylvester and found, half eaten away by corrosion, in a church garden in the 17th century. From such crude, fragile souvenirs of primitive Christianity, the range expands: 10th century enamels, 11th century ivories, medieval reliquaries of silver and gold containing various fragments of sanctified bodies, and so on, to the ecclesiastic baroque and rococo confections produced from the metals of the New World.

Among the extraordinary works in this collection are a 14th century processional cross decorated with an enthroned Christ and symbols of the Evangelists from Borbona (see *cut*); and a superb 13th century Limoges enamel casket, borrowed from the Roman church of Santa Maria in Via Lata (see *color pages*). There are a number of pieces that, regardless of their function, are extremely beautiful as sculpture. One is an angel from the cathedral of Vetralla, carrying relics of St. Andrew. Made in the early 15th century by the Viterban goldsmith Pietro di Vitale, it has a severe columnar air that distantly suggests the figures of Piero della Francesca.

A candlestick-cum-reliquary depicting the flight into Egypt, borrowed from a church in Gaeta, is an exquisite example of how late medieval French styles penetrated into Ital-

ian taste at the end of the 14th century. Bernardino da Folligno's late *quattrocento* bust of St. Balduino has a grave nobility and an intensity of modeling that, one supposes, the saint's living features could not have had. (The actual head of St. Balduino, like a stone in a peach, lies encased within the sculpture.)

In this area of reliquaries one realizes most vividly how church practice, including art, has changed across the centuries. What were once objects of universal veneration are now, to most people, oddities. The less intrinsically dignified the relic, the truer this seems to be. One cannot re-experience the feelings with which a devout Roman *borghese* of the 17th century might have knelt before the reliquary of Mary Magdalene's foot in the church of Sts. Celsus and Julian. To him it would have been an object dense in its reality and hallowed in association: one of the actual feet that propelled the repentant whore of Judea to her meeting with the Saviour, a direct link across a vaguely understood gulf of time to a crucial mythic event. Its apparent value as evidence was large.

To us, the reliquary has no such value. We do not know whether the wizened and musty tissue that presumably lies inside the silver

casing was ever attached to a historical personage named Mary Magdalene. The odds are against it, since the relic has no written history older than the 17th century. Instead, the quasi-magical object has become a fine piece of mannerist silverware, culturally almost as distant from us as an African nail fetish.

Deprived of its meaning in this way, the reliquary takes on odd similarities to modern art. The plain metal foot borne upward on its ornate, gilded and enameled pedestal is surreal in its incongruity. Our uncertainty about its contents—not only whether Mary Magdalene's foot is in it, but also whether it contains a real foot of any kind—recalls Marcel Duchamp's *A Bruti Secret*, two metal plates sandwiching a ball of twine inside which a small "thing," forever unidentified, rattles when shaken.

Such is the fate of culturally stranded objects. Perhaps the most extreme example of it in "Treasures of Sacred Art" is a 16th century reliquary from the Collegiate Church of Calcata, north of Rome. Two elegantly slim silver-gilt angels hold up a casket surmounted by a crown, studded with rubies and emeralds. It is traditionally believed to contain the only relic left on earth by Jesus Christ. True, Christ ascended bodily into heaven before the eyes of the astonished Apostles after his resurrection. But he had been circumcised in the temple as an infant, and the Holy Foreskin, preserved by a succession of devout guardians, is said to have found its way eventually into the sanctum sanctorum of the Vatican. A German mercenary laid his rude hands on it during the Sack of Rome in 1527 and stole it away; it was lost for 30 years and then turned up in Calcata, where this new reliquary was made for it. It has been there, but not on public view, ever since. How edifying, the accendents of history!



Processional cross, 14th century, from Borbona, Italy.

CALCATA: ST. BALDUINO, BORBONA



Among the more than 500 objects in Rome's "Treasures of Sacred Art" exhibition is this silver-gilt "Flight into Egypt," c. 1400.



Reliquary bust of St. Baldassarre by Bernardino da Foligno, 1496.

Reliquary of Mary Magdalene's foot, silver-gilt, 1645.



Angel holding relics of St. Andrew. 1433



Late 16th century angels holding reliquary of Christ's circumcision



Limoges enamel box from Santa Maria in Via Lata, Rome, c. 1280

Reliquary of St. Matthew's arm, late 16th century

COVER STORY

SAINTS AMONG US

Calcutta presents a harrowing vision. The destitute, the skin-and-bones starving, the leprosy and the dying seem to be concentrated there as nowhere else in India—or the world. Their numbers, swollen by past waves of refugees from Bangladesh, grow daily. At least 200,000 of them live in the streets, building tiny fires to cook their scraps of food, defecating at curbstones, curling up in their cotton rags against a wall to sleep—and often to die. Out of this scene of unremitting human desolation has come an extraordinary message of love and hope. Its bearer is a tiny gray-eyed Roman Catholic nun who 27 years ago, alone and virtually penniless, set out to work among the city's "poorest of the poor."

Today, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, 65, is slightly bent from hardship, her man-size hands are gnarled, her Albanian peasant face is seamed. From her solitary, seemingly foolhardy labors have grown two orders of women and men willing to take risks and make sacrifices. Nearly 1,300 Missionaries of Charity—1,132 nuns and 150 brothers—are now scattered throughout 67 countries tending the world's poor: in Yemen and Gaza, in Australia and Peru, in London and in New York City's South Bronx—even, at Pope Paul VI's request, in the shadow of St. Peter's.

Calcutta is still the heart of the effort. There, Mother Teresa and her followers collect the dying from the streets so that they may leave life in peace among friends. They rescue abandoned newborn babies from garbage heaps, nurse them back to health if they can, find homes for them later. They seek out the diseased and the hurt, sponging maggot-bloated wounds as if—an image that sustains them—they were sponging the wounds of Jesus. They have made havens for lepers, the retarded and the mad; they have found work for the jobless. "Not for a second did I think that God would act like this," Mother Teresa told TIME Correspondent James Shepherd in an interview last week. "We have nothing. The greatness of God is that he has used this nothing to do something."

Between her travels to the order's farflung outposts, Mother Teresa rises at 4:30 a.m., prays, sings the Mass with her sister nuns, joins them for a spare meal of an egg, bread, banana and tea, then goes out into the city to work. Age and authority have not changed her; she is at ease these days with Pope and Prime Minister, but she still cleans convent toilets. She has won an array of international honors, including India's Order of the Lotus and the Vatican's first Pope John XXIII Peace Prize, but sees them only as "recognition that the poor are our brothers and sisters, that there are people in the world who need love,

who need care, who have to be wanted." Especially in a season that celebrates God's good will toward man, Mother Teresa's own loving luminosity prompts many to bestow on her a title that she would surely reject. She is, they say, a living saint.

Saint. The word is heavy with meanings, not all of them congenial to modern man. The original Latin from which it derives, *sanctus*, means holy, and all the definitions since have revolved around just whom or what people consider holy. To many, saint is a medieval word, redolent of incense, conjuring up halos and glowing, distant images of spiritual glory in some great cathedral's stained-glass windows. To others, the word is still useful,

if prosaic, shorthand to describe someone who willingly suffers something that seems beyond the call of duty: a son or daughter, for instance, who spends years caring for a senile and demanding parent. Somewhere between the two is the vision of the contemporary saint as a person of persistently heroic virtue and courage whose life is a model for others—a Mother Teresa, perhaps, or a Mahatma Gandhi. "A saint is someone by whom one lives," says the Rev. John Crocker, Episcopal chaplain at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "someone who for us is a revelation of what life is all about."

To the Roman Catholic Church, the only saint is a dead saint. Indeed, the very process of formal canonization was designed to determine who among the departed were certainly with God in heaven, and therefore could safely be asked to intercede for divine favors. The path to canonization, though streamlined these days, is still long and tortuous. Usually required, among other things, is proof of between two and four miracles as evidence that the saint is really in God's



MOTHER TERESA CRADLING YOUNG CHILD IN CALCUTTA
On a train to Darjeeling, a call to serve.

presence. In practice a candidate must also die a Catholic. When he visited Uganda in 1969, Pope Paul prayed at a sanctuary for Anglican martyrs at Namugongo, but that is as close as any Protestants have come to Rome's recognition.

Still, the Catholic Church has honored a variety of saints. The "two Teresas" are a classic example. St. Teresa of Avila was a mystic and 16th century religious reformer who, according to legend, stood mired in the mud on one of her journeys and cried out to God: "If this is the way You treat Your friends, no wonder You don't have many!" St. Thérèse of Lisieux was a sickly 19th century nun who died young and unknown. Her principal virtue was an awesome courage in the face of her long and excruciating fatal illness. Similarly, the church has sainted kings and rebels against kings, noblemen and tramps, virgins and mothers, activists and hermits.

In Protestant democratic usage, all faithful Christians are



MINISTERING IN A MISSIONARIES OF CHARITY CALCUTTA HOME FOR THE DYING

saints, as the word is used throughout the New Testament epistles. Thus a popular Protestant hymn notes that the "saints of God are just folks like me." But Protestants, like Catholics, do sometimes distinguish between the everyday and the heroic. Despite the criticism of his authoritarian personality and his patronizing attitude toward Africans that arose even before his death, Albert Schweitzer is still commonly considered a Protestant saint. So is the Lutheran martyr to the Nazis, Theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Salvation Army Founder William Booth, African Missionary David Livingstone and Methodism's revered founder John Wesley are among many cited as Protestant saints.

Jews do not talk of saints, but prize the *zaddik*, the "righteous person." A *zaddik*, explains Orthodox Rabbi Stephen Raskin of Manhattan's Lincoln Square Synagogue, is "deeply pious, self-effacing, generous with everything he has, burning with a desire to serve God and serve mankind. One serves God by serving man, and man by serving God. The two are intertwined." Besides recognized *zaddikim*, there are according to Jewish lore a group of hidden *zaddikim* in every generation, believed to number at least 36, upon whose merit the existence of the world depends. Only the virtue of these 36 hidden saints—*lamed-vovniks* in Yiddish—stays God's hand from destroying the world.

Do the old saintly qualities still apply? Australian Anglican Ross Walker, a social worker in Canberra, says they have not changed much since Jesus' time: "Love, self-denial, continuing self-sacrifice and grace are all necessary." Though saints "like to keep what they do private," he says, their very personalities often betray them: "They are all inspiring, larger-than-life people."

Austrian Catholic Theologian Adolf Hölz also believes that the essentials the church sought in saints have not altered. The saint must exhibit a heroic degree of virtue akin to the asceticism that ancient athletes and warriors strove to perfect. And the works of a saint must be out of the ordinary, almost unique. He or she should have a charisma or aura, the kind of radiance that was classically symbolized by a halo. The life of a saint should display a certain personal serenity.

Saints normally are not normal. "A saint has to be a misfit," says University of Chicago Church Historian Martin Marty. "A person who embodies what his culture considers typical or normal cannot be exemplary." Father Carroll Stuhmüller of Chicago's Catholic Theological Union agrees. "Saints tend to be on the outer edge, where the maniacs, the idiots and the geniuses are. They break the mold." Not all accept that description of a saint. Hewing closer to Protestant tradition, Church Historian Jane Douglas of California's School of Theology at Claremont in-

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sists that saints are no more, no less than "Christians who go about their tasks in the world with a kind of holiness that grows out of faith."

Perhaps the best definition of sainthood is one that draws remarkable agreement: the saint as a window through which another world is glimpsed, a person "through whom the light of God shines." It is just that light that many see in Mother Teresa. The once waspish Malcolm Muggeridge, a recent convert to Christianity, writes movingly in his book *Something Beautiful for God* of putting her on a train in Calcutta. "When the train began to move, and I walked away, I felt as though I were leaving behind me all the beauty and all the joy in the universe. Something of God's love has rubbed off on Mother Teresa."

The woman who inspires such tribute was born to Albanian parents in Skopje, Yugoslavia, in 1910, and baptized Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu. Even at the age of twelve, she remembers, she wanted to be a missionary. "to go out and give the love of Christ." The desire grew when some local Jesuits, freshly sent to India, wrote enthusiastic letters home about their work in the

Bengal missions. By the time she was 18, Agnes had joined the Irish branch of Loreto nuns who were working in Calcutta. In 1937 she made her final vows.

By then Teresa had fallen into the academic life at St. Mary's High School in Calcutta. There she taught geography to Bengali girls from comfortable homes, later became principal. But the school was hard by Calcutta's Moti Jheel slum, and the contrast between the horror outside and the genteel world within the convent walls must have motivated her decision to work for the poor, though she claims that it did not. What did change her she remembers vividly.

It was Sept. 10, 1946; she was on a train to Darjeeling when she heard what she is certain was a call—from God. "A call within a call," she says, since she was already a nun. This time the invitation was to serve the poorest of the poor. By the spring of 1948, Mother Teresa had won permission to leave the cloister and work in the Calcutta slums. In August of that year she laid aside her Loreto habit and donned the blue-edged, coarse cotton white sari that would become her new order's uniform. After an intensive nurse's training course, she opened a slum school in Moti Jheel just before Christmas.

She was not alone long. Some of the young women who joined her—former students at St. Mary's—remember their own calls. Mother Teresa asked that they accepted. She believed fiercely that God would provide, and the little band lived literally from day to day, sharing with the destitute what they could cudge from charity. The sisters were to live little better than the poor they served. They were allowed only two of the humble saris (which still cost only \$1) so that they could honestly teach that it is possible to stay clean with a single change of garment. Life became only slightly less precarious in 1950, when the Vatican approved their new congregation, the Missionaries of Charity, and they moved into quarters that still serve as the mother house.

Not until two years later did the sisters take on one of their harshest and most widely admired tasks, care of the dying. Mother Teresa remembers finding a dying woman on the sidewalk, her feet half chewed away by rats, her wounds alive with maggots. Only with great difficulty did she persuade a hospital to take the woman. Within days the nun was pleading with authorities for "just one room" to which she could take the dying. What they gave her was a onetime pilgrims' rest house near the Temple of Kali, the Hindu goddess of death. She renamed it Nirmal Hriday—Pure Heart—and filled it.

Nirmal Hriday is now only one of 32 havens for the dying, 67 leprosariums, 28 children's homes that the order runs round the world, but it still moves visitors to wonderment. Muggeridge claims a modern sort of miracle for it. Some photos shot in the in-

firmly's hopelessly dim light, he says, turned out to be bathed in an inexplicably soft glow. Calcutta Journalist Desmond Doig, a self-described skeptic and author of a forthcoming book on Mother Teresa, reports a more personal miracle. Instead of finding the place repugnant, he became so suffused with its compassion that he began to nurse the patients himself. "Our work," explains Mother Teresa, "brings people face to face with love."

Not at Nirmal Hriday nor any other of Mother Teresa's homes does anyone get a sectarian hard sell. The dying get the rituals they want: Ganges water on the lips for the Hindu, readings from the Koran for the Moslem, last rites for the occasional Catholic. Babies left at Shishu Bhavan, the busy Calcutta center that feeds the hungry and shelters abandoned children, remain Moslems or Hindus if the parents wish; only foundlings are baptized. The nun who runs the center conscriptorially reveals that the sisters have saved more than one Hindu marriage from family pressure by quietly providing a childless couple with a newborn baby to pass off as their own.

Such understanding of local ways is typical of Mother Teresa, who became a citizen of India in 1948. But her Catholic orthodoxy does not bend far. Though the sisters operate 28 family-planning centers in India and elsewhere round the world, the only birth control they offer is the papally-approved rhythm method. As for abortion, Mother Teresa calls it a crime that kills not only the child but the consciences of all involved.

Mother Teresa and her sisters are not without their critics. To some, the nuns and brothers are merely bandaging a civic wound that needs drastic surgery. "We are not trying so much to do social work," Mother Teresa explains, "as to live out that life of love, of compassion, that God has for his people." The poor, she says, suffer even more from rejection than material want. "If we didn't discard them they would not be poor. An alcoholic in Australia told me that when he is walking along the street he hears the footsteps of everyone coming toward him or passing him becoming faster. Loneliness and the feeling of being unwanted is the most terrible poverty."

However deep her compassion for the poor, Mother Teresa nurses no hatred for the rich. She joyfully shows a scrapbook of pictures of orphans she has placed in affluent homes in the U.S. and Europe. But she is also alert to the perils of contemporary civilization. "Our intellect and other gifts have been given to be used for God's greater glory," she says, "but some-

times they become the very god for us. That is the saddest part we are losing our balance when this happens. We must free ourselves to be filled by God. Even God cannot fill what is full."

Mother Teresa by no means rejects the fruits of modern society if they can help her work. Pope Paul VI, on a 1964 visit to India, left her a white Lincoln limousine that had been given to him. She promptly raffled it off for a profit of some \$100,000. She treasures other useful gifts: a streetcar pass for Calcutta's trams, a railroad pass for India's trains, an Indian Airlines pass that gives her free domestic flights. In 1973, Imperial Chemical Industries gave Mother Teresa a former paint-manufacturing plant, which she quickly filled with children, the sick and dying, and mentally ill women. She has also started a small but flourishing copra industry there that gleams its raw materials, coconut shells, from the litter left on Calcutta streets by thousands of coconut-milk sippers.

For all the shrewd organizing sense with which she is sometimes credited, Mother Teresa remains otherworldly. She suffers journalists and photographers only because publicity may help her people. After Photographer Jean-Pierre Lafont cajoled her into posing for the portrait from which TIME's cover was painted she told him that she had prayed for a special favor at Mass the morning of the sitting. For every picture he took, she had asked God to "free one soul from Purgatory." Two years ago, after she had accepted the Templeton Prize for "progress in religion" in London, one of her co-workers asked where the prize was. When she could not find it, a frenzied search of the auditorium ensued. There, on a chair in a corner, was the envelope—with a check for £34,000 inside. God, after all, continued to provide.

Mother Teresa is unique; yet the world has many who share her kind of faith and fervor. Each sister and brother in the Missionaries of Charity is a story in courage. And beyond her circle are thousands of others. "We are surrounded by persons with saintliness," says Anglican Dean Herbert O'Driscoll of Christ Church Cathedral in Vancouver, B.C., "the elderly living full, triumphant lives in great pain, persons loving to the full where no love is returned. That is the uncelebrated sainthood going on about us every day."

Even the spiritual heroes, whose

SCHWESTER SELMA MAYER IN JERUSALEM



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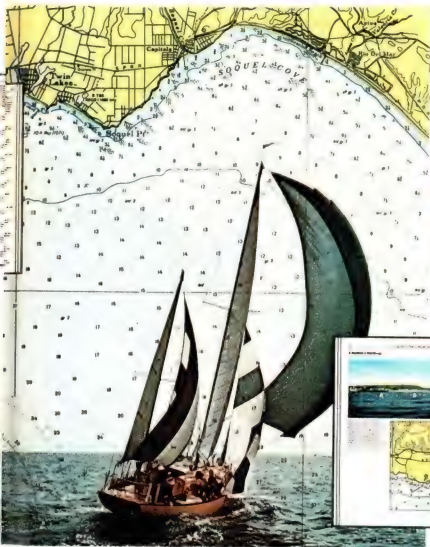
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RELIGION



MEDICAL MISSIONARY ANNIE SKAU AT WORK IN HONG KONG HOSPITAL

special tasks or character draw attention and emulation, seem to rise up in abundance for those who look for them. Many, like Mother Teresa, live by the standard set in *Manhew*: 25. They feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and imprisoned. These works of mercy draw attention because they are deeds that even a world without faith can recognize as good. Yet those who practice them usually lead intense spiritual lives.

Annie Skau is a Norwegian Evangelical nurse who traces her vocation to a direct call from God. Praying in the forest one day, she heard a voice ask, "Will you go for me to China?" and in 1938 she went to Shensi province as a medical missionary. Expelled by the Communists in 1951, she moved to Hong Kong, where her 6-ft. 5-in. frame became a familiar sight as she directed the construction of a 300-bed tuberculosis hospital. Now limited by a heart condition to three or four working days a week, she still rises before dawn to read the Bible. "The old Christian who has lived and walked with the Lord for many years," she says, "is living in a treasure chamber."

This same serenity marks Surgeon Carl Becker of the Protestant Africa Inland Mission, who has spent 46 years in the interior of Zaire. Hopping by plane from outpost to outpost, Becker once routinely performed up to 15 major operations a day. Now 81, he continues to work at a large new center at Nyankunde, awaking at 5 a.m. to pray with his staff before his rounds. He and his ailing wife Maria may soon leave Africa. The Zaireans would like to see the couple ultimately buried there—a great tribute to whites—but the Beckers do not want to become burdensome invalids for the hospital.

To Dr. Cicely Saunders of London, her Anglican faith is essential to her work in the St. Christopher's Hospice she founded there. Like Mother Teresa's Nirmal Hriday, it is a home for the dying—cancer patients whom Dr. Saunders treats with heroin and other drugs to ease the pain of their last days. The hospital is cheerful, even gay; patients nibble sweets, chat with visitors, have a drink if they want to. Dr. Sanders, 59, concedes that she could not maintain that atmosphere nor watch her patients die without her faith. "It makes a difference as a very frightened lady drops into unconsciousness that I believe in a religion which speaks of a God who dies, and rises."

Early experience as a victim has moved some medical saints to serve others. As a girl, Yaeko Ibuka was sent to a leprosarium near Mount Fuji. There she became a Catholic and resigned herself to disfigurement and death, only to be told that she did not have leprosy after all. Though free to return home, she says, she "understood for the first time the power of God's love," and stayed. Now, 55 years later, Yaeko Ibuka is known as "the angel of Fukusei Byoin." At 78, she continues to offer her gentle, unstinting care to the lepers.

Schwester Selma Mayer of Jerusalem, 92, is also revered as something of an angel, certainly as a *zaddik*. She lost her mother when she was five, and as she grew up she became determined "to give to others what I had missed—mother love and concern for human beings." Schwester Selma was nursing in

Hamburg when the head of Jerusalem's Shaare Zedek Hospital came looking for a head nurse in 1916. Through wars and epidemics she has been in Jerusalem ever since, always living at the hospital, often sitting up all night with a critically ill patient. She never married, seeing the care of the suffering as her "duty—one that took up all my time." But she did adopt and raise two daughters who had been orphaned like herself.

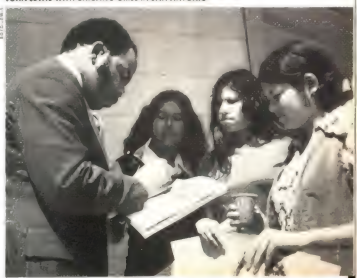
To other living saints, giving means devoting their lives entirely to the needs of orphans. Austrian Catholic Hermann Gmeiner, 56, saw that need in the wake of World War II, when Europe was crowded with homeless refugee children. He took a leaf from his childhood—an older sister had raised the eight other children after his mother died—and built the first in a series of "S O S villages" that now care for 15,000 orphans round the world. Every village consists of a cluster of houses, each presided over by a foster mother who cares for eight to ten orphans. They grow up as a family, even attending local schools. Gmeiner asks his foster mothers not to marry lest their commitment become divided. In turn, he has remained unmarried.

What Gmeiner has done for orphans, Canadian Jean Vanier has accomplished in a similar way for mentally retarded adults: permanent and caring communities. A Catholic layman and son of a former Governor General of Canada, Vanier spent 14 years of spiritual search before moving into a dilapidated old house in Trosly, France, in 1964 to share his life with two retarded men. Since then, *L'Arche* (the Ark) communities, in which the normal and retarded share a common life, have opened on four continents. Vanier describes the homes as places of "human and spiritual progress," where the retarded gain in hope and confidence while the more fortunate who come in contact with them are drawn toward a life of simplicity and self-giving.

The call to help can come fairly late and in strange places. Denny and Jeanne Grindall, Presbyterians from Seattle, where Denny is a florist and nurseryman, found their call in their 50s on a 1968 vacation in Africa. Visiting some Masai nomads in Kenya, they were appalled at the disease, drought and hunger. "We knew what we had to do," says Denny Grindall. "God led us to this place." He studied up on engineering and put his new learning to work (along with quiet infusions of the family savings) in a succession of six-month stays in Kenya. The Grindalls have won the respect and affection of the Masai and changed their way of life. The once nomadic tribesmen, guided by Denny and Jeanne, now till vegetable farms around a new self-built dam; Jeanne also teaches the women nutrition, hygiene and how to make clothes. The Grindalls' philosophy is simple: "Individuals have a responsibility to the Lord to use any brain and muscle that He has given us to help others."

To many religious people, good works are not enough in the face of the world's cruel inequities. They seek social solutions. Tanzanian Bishop Christopher Mwoleka, a black and a Catholic, sees a solution and basic Christian value in the *ujamaa* co-operative villages. A member of the Nyabihanga *ujamaa* village

JOHN LEWIS WITH CHICANO GIRLS IN SAN ANTONIO



RELIGION

in his diocese, Bishop Mwoleka spends two weeks of each month at work in the fields, barefoot and clad in tattered shirt and dungarees. He argues that the cooperative way "is a practical way to imitate the life of the Trinity, a life of sharing."

In the U.S. one widely acclaimed spiritual heroine feeds the poor and campaigns fiercely for a better world. She is Dorothy Day, the snow-haired philosopher-founder of the Catholic Worker Movement and still its indefatigable voice. She has been jailed eight times—most recently as an illegal picketer for Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers in 1973. (Many regard Chavez himself as a saint for his selfless, intensely spiritual devotion to his cause.) A Marxist in the '20s, she bore a daughter to her common-law husband, but became a celibate after converting to Catholicism. "The best thing to do with the best things in life," she says, "is to give them up."

Now 78, Dorothy Day still presides over the Catholic Worker Movement from her tattered but vital hospice for the poor, St. Joseph's House, just off Manhattan's Bowery. Today 47 urban "houses of hospitality," inspired by the one she founded in New York, provide hot meals, and sometimes shelter, for the down-and-out. Some are tied to companion farms in the country in keeping with the back-to-the-land ideas of Co-Founder Peter Maurin.

Saintly people who focus attention on oppression can expect to pay for their actions. In South Africa, criticism of the country's racist policies has brought a harsh punishment to Dutch Reformed Minister C.F. Beyers Naude. Pastor Naude, now 60, was a prominent, rising churchman and Afrikaner supremacist until the 1960 Sharpeville massacre prodded his conscience. He forthwith set to work to destroy his church's theological approval of *apartheid*. Naude is now barred from the pulpit, ostracized, harassed by government prosecutors and denied his passport. Still, he says that being an outsider in his own society is "what God requires of me."

The U.S. has its own civil rights heroes. John Lewis, 35, the young apostle of nonviolence in the '60s, was arrested more than 40 times in civil rights demonstrations, and his skull was fractured at Selma in 1965. Since 1970 he has headed the Voter Education Project in Atlanta and helped register some 3.5 million blacks. As a Baptist seminarian, Lewis was kidded for talking up the Social Gospel, but he insists that some "immutable principles" must be at the base of the "Beloved Society" he envisions, and nonviolence is one of them. If a compassionate world is the end, he argues, "then the means we use must be consistent with it."

Perhaps the most widely revered political saint today is Brazil's Dom Helder Pessoa Câmara, Archbishop of Olinda and Recife (TIME, June 24, 1974) and partisan of the poor. No better testimony for Dom Helder exists than the witness of those who have suffered in his behalf. Former Methodist Missionary Fred Morris, who last year was tortured by Brazilian authorities at least partly because of his friendship with Dom Helder, puts it simply. "Being with him, watching him, listening to him, one is less and less aware of him and increasingly aware of the reality to which he points—a God who cares about the little people of the earth."

But, must a contemporary saint be an activist? The Rev. George Webber, president of Manhattan's New York Theological Seminary, says yes: "When I think of a saint today, I think of

a person who is willing to spend his whole life in a struggle for justice." Yet Monsignor Francis Lally, a member of the U.S. bishops conference staff, offers a gentle demurrer. "A saint is a person who puts himself in the service of others for spiritual reasons," he says. Just how one accomplishes that, adds Lally, may vary from age to age. "The activist has taken over, but I think we're swinging back toward the mystic."

The great religions of the East, Hinduism and Buddhism, have never swung away from mysticism as the pinnacle of holiness, though they also value deeds of compassion. Traditional Islamic belief views the saint or *wali* (friend of God) as a person with a foot in both worlds—one whose special communion with Allah coincides with his excellence in good works. As for Christianity's own rich tradition of monastic mysticism, which goes back to the fabled desert anchorites of Egypt, it seems to be undergoing a revival there and elsewhere.

In the ancient monastery of Deir el Makarios in the desert 50 miles southwest of Cairo, a Coptic monk is causing a mild sensation, drawing as many as 500 visitors a day. His name: Matta el Meskin, Matthew the Poor. Like the great anchorite St. Anthony, Matta el Meskin was once an affluent young man—a prosperous pharmacist. At the age of 29, heeding Jesus' call to "sell what you have," he disposed of his two houses, two cars, two pharmacies, gave the proceeds to the poor and, keeping only a cloak, devoted himself to prayer and asceticism. He is out of the world and yet still of it. From his cell, where he lives mainly on bread and water, he has written more than 40 books and pamphlets; most of them scholarly books on church affairs, directed the total rehabilitation of the decaying monastery and begun a reformation of Coptic monastic life so profound that he was one of three nominees to be Coptic Pope in the 1971 election.

Western Christians often mention Brother Roger Schutz, founder of France's Protestant monastery of Taizé (TIME, April 29, 1974), as a saint. Brother Roger's worldwide Taizé youth groups are out to change the world, but what he offers at Taizé—and to them—is essentially a shared life based deeply on prayer. "We should not pray for any useful end," Brother Roger has written, "but in order to create a community of free men with Christ."

Most living saints, activists or no, of course do get down on their knees and pray, some for hours a day. In the traditional concept of sainthood, in fact, prayer is an essential condition of sanctity, the key to the deeds that surround it. Most of today's saintly people would agree that the concept has not changed. "To keep a lamp burning," Mother Teresa told Correspondent Shepherd, "we have to keep putting oil in it." To build her own faith, she said, "I had to struggle. I had to pray. I had to make sacrifices before I could say 'yes' to God."

Those who succeed, however, share something of a revelation. *Schwester Selma* of Jerusalem cherishes a poem by Rabindranath Tagore, the great Bengali poet of Calcutta, that perhaps says it best:

*I slept and dreamt
That life was joy
I awoke and saw
That life was duty
I acted and behold
Duty was joy*

That may be a liberating truth. Perhaps, in a world that celebrates this season with more than a touch of hedonism, it is just the corrective message that the saints among us bring.

DOROTHY DAY WAITING TO BE ARRESTED IN 1973





MEINARD KRAAK AS THE EMPEROR UBERALL IN THE EMPEROR OF ATLANTIS

A Gallows Opera

Confronted by a vision of hell, does one stand in silent reverence for suffering or praise the spirit that surmounted it? Last week a Dutch audience faced this dilemma at the premiere of an opera, *The Emperor of Atlantis*, which was written in a concentration camp by two Jews. At the end, after a few seconds pause, the listeners burst into applause for a work that stands on its own as a music drama of great power.

The one-hour chamber opera was composed in 1944 inside Theresienstadt, a "model" camp. The piece was in rehearsal but was banned after a similarity between the Emperor and the Führer was detected. Composer Viktor Ullmann, prolific in prewar Vienna, and Librettist Peter Kien, a young painter and poet, were later sent to Auschwitz, where they died. Their manuscript was rediscovered in London three years ago by British Conductor Kerry Woodward, who presented it with The Netherlands Opera Company in Amsterdam.

The authors turned their nightmare world into a German gothic tale: the Emperor of Atlantis (Baritone Meinard Kraak) has declared a holy war on mankind. Death, overworked, goes on strike. With no one dying, the kingdom is about to burst, and the ruler has to make a deal with Death. "We human beings cannot live without you," the Emperor says and consents to become Death's first victim if he will return.

The sardonic snap of the libretto's gallows humor is virtually untranslatable except through the music. Ullmann's eclectic style produces a constant interplay between the melancholic and the light comic in Germany's rich musical tradition. Death, in the shabby uniform of a Central European functionary, could be a sadly tired Wotan. The Emperor's edicts are sung in the pier-

ing soprano of the German cabaret.

The Emperor of Atlantis resembles another expressionist work, Kurt Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins*, but it goes beyond Weill's elegant cynicism. The final chorale, describing death as part of life's "delight and woe," is sung to *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, while the orchestra counters with a cabaret tune of incredibly sweet pathos. From this juxtaposition emerges a requiem for a civilization literally going up in smoke, but the hymn's chords reassert the promise of redemptive life.

Lawrence Malkin

Curtains for the Met?

The rhetoric was familiar. "We don't like the word strike," said Max Arons, president of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians. "We prefer to say 'withdraw our services.'" However one cared to put it, the lines were drawn last week for a possibly fateful labor struggle at New York's Metropolitan Opera. Since he was appointed executive director a year ago, Anthony A. Bliss, 62, has been negotiating with the 14 artistic and craft unions at the Met over new contracts. All have been performing since the summer under contract extensions that expire on New Year's Day. The musicians now say they will not agree to another extension but will withdraw their services.

Perhaps the truest measure of the dilemma is that one can so readily sympathize with both sides. The Met, headed for another \$9 or \$10 million deficit this year, is in its worst financial trouble ever. Bliss, a Wall Street lawyer and president of the Met board from 1956 to 1967, was chosen as executive director to lead the company out of that morass. He has made it clear that his way will involve considerable retrenchment.

He cannot, of course, cut his work force by 10% or more, as New York City has done. A major orchestra operates at full strength or not at all. Bliss's latest proposal called for seven weeks' less work and a two-year contract offering

The Year's Best LPs

CLASSICAL

RAVEL: GASPARD DE LA NUIT, SONATINE, VAISES NOBLES ET SENTIMENTALES (Deutsche Grammophon). In the finest piano album to result from the Ravel centenary, Argentina's Martha Argerich, 34, displays a mind that is as dexterous as her fingers.

BEETHOVEN: THE NINE SYMPHONIES (London, 9 LPs). Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra may have been made for each other, but they were also made to play Beethoven.

SCHOENBERG: PIANO MUSIC (Nonesuch). In these small pianistic jewels which fall so easily on the ears today, Schoenberg did some of his most revolutionary writing. New York's Paul Jacobs is a master of the 20th century style.

STRAVINSKY: THE FIREBIRD (Columbia). The complete 1910 version of this ravishing score, performed with dazzling color and erudition by Pierre Boulez and the New York Philharmonic.

SCHUBERT: TRIOS, OP. 99 AND 100 (RCA, 2 LPs). Violinist Henryk Szeryng, Cel-

list Pierre Fournier and Pianist Artur Schnabel put away their virtuoso ways to collaborate touchingly on two chamber music gems.

POP

JEFFERSON STARSHIP: RED OCTOPUS (Grunt/RCA). A decade ago, when just a mere Airplane, the San Francisco trippers pioneered acid rock. Here is their best album in years, a free-flowing blend of rock, jazz and folk.

ART TATUM: THE TATUM SOLO MASTERPIECES (PABLO RCA). 13 LPs, any one of which is enough to show why Tatum is called the Horowitz of jazz piano.

THE WHO: THE WHO BY NUMBERS (MCA). The what of this album is seasoned rock mastery; the how has to do mostly with the way Drummer Keith Moon ignites Peter Townshend's wry melodies.

PAUL SIMON: STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS (Columbia). In peak form, the noted pop balladeer comes up with tunes that are as ingenuitously as ever, and introspective, melancholy lyrics.

KEITH JARRETT: THE KOEN CONCERT (ECM Polydor, 2 LPs). Long, intricate piano solos give a new dimension to the old art of improvisation.

MUSIC

no raise in salary the first year and a 5% increase the second year. With that offer, Local 802 began thinking strike.

The musicians' shock is understandable, and not all of it has to do with the rising cost of living. The Met orchestra is an excellent, overworked ensemble that is highly conscious of its standing. A cut in annual income would be a humiliation that no comparable orchestra has yet had to accept. Worse, recent contract settlements in Detroit, Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C., gained musicians pay raises of \$95 over three years, although the first two were achieved only after costly strikes. The current weekly minimum salary for Met musicians is \$385, about the same as at the New York Philharmonic. But with the proposed 44-week year, a Met player would make \$3,000 less a year.

When Bliss says, "Frankly, we don't have enough to offer the union members what they feel is essential," he is understating the case. In fact, the musicians do not dispute him. Both sides agree that outside help is the only true, long-range solution to the Met's problems. A six-month New York repertory season with four or five new productions presents vast problems. But most of the Met's ills are not that different from those of other opera houses—just bigger. The Met spends more per year (\$3.8 million) on the maintenance of the house than the Seattle Opera does on everything. The Met has been able to raise 5% of its \$27.6 million annual budget from governmental sources and another 26% from individuals, corporations and foundations, but this is still not enough. Says Bliss: "We are trying to survive the critical few years ahead in order to build more corporate and government support."

Strike a Blow. Survive is the key word. The irony is that the Met is selling tickets this season at an encouraging clip. Subscriptions are up from 55% to 61% of the house, and nightly capacity is 95% (10% more than a year ago). A new marketing campaign seems largely responsible. Since last spring, Met ads have called on prospective patrons to "strike a blow for civilization." This fall the company introduced the Met Sampler—minisubscriptions aimed at the 35-and-under crowd, offering orchestra tickets to three operas, free librettos and a backstage tour, all for \$30.

A strike would not only destroy that community gain but make it difficult for the Met to negotiate for the future artistic excellence it badly needs. The season so far has been at best mediocre, in part because top conductors and singers have wearied of the Met's haphazard planning in recent years.

Obviously, neither management nor the unions would enjoy a strike. But both sides seem to feel that a darkened Met would dramatize the dilemma to the advantage of each. They are assuming, of course, that somehow, somewhere, help will be found. These days, that is a dangerous assumption.

Lord of Craft and Valor

Laurence Olivier invaded the 20th century stage and film with his pugnacious and his presence. After several ravaging illnesses, he bears only the slightest resemblance to the romantic lover of *Wuthering Heights* or the agile hero-king, Henry V. Today, the valor resides in the man himself and his will to endure. With gracious apologies, Sir Laurence, 68, does not rise from the sofa on which he reclines, but he still speaks in that unique, resonant voice that every other actor fears to imitate. Last week *TIME* Theater Critic T.E. Kalem interviewed Olivier in Hollywood, where he is playing a fascist killer in a thriller called *Marathon Man*.

ON PLAYING PARTS. You see, the craft of the actor can be rewarding and happy. The basic inclination toward the work is to pretend to be or feel like someone else. You feel like a king, or you feel like an archbishop. That can be better than being a real king or a real churchman because they are stuck with that. Next month you, as an actor, can be somebody's uncle, and the month after that a Chinaman, and that's an advantage. There are times when your life is suffused with bitterness and misery so that you can hardly endure to wear this particularly uncomfortable garment called life. I have been so wretched at times that I felt completely out of contact with reality. When I went on in a part in the nighttime, that was the only time I really felt like myself.

ON ACHIEVING FAME. I wanted it very much, but when I started playing leading parts in London, I wasn't popular at first. I swore to myself, "When I am popular I shall be so gracious to everybody. I will sit at the steps of the stage door saying, 'My people, how I love you. There are only 300 here? I can sign all the autographs. Some of you go off

PLAYING KING LEAR (1946)



and have a drink, and then come back." But when I became popular, I wasn't like that at all. I'd take one horrified look at them, turn up my coat collar and run.

HIS LIFE IN ENGLAND. [Olivier's wife, Actress Joan Plowright, is associated with a group called Lyric Theater. In a smash hit, *The Bed Before Yesterday*, she plays a middle-aged lady who discovers sex and loves it.] My Joanie has just had such a marvelous success—I am so happy for her. Apart from acting, I love gardening, designing a garden, planting it, working in the earth. I find it sanity-pro-



IN THE ROLE OF MACBETH (1955)

voing. I think I would have liked to have been a farmer. Earth and greasepaint are a very good mix.

ON THEATRICAL SUPERSTITIONS. I pride myself on not having any, none at all. I always deliberately walk under a ladder. I spout lines from *Macbeth* (supposedly a British actor's most terrible jinx). I don't give a damn.

ON PRODUCING TEARS AT WILL. My God, I can't. Some of my friends can. Michael Redgrave can. John Gielgud can. John is a dear man but he is a born weeper. When we were all young and attended the theater, we would say, "Don't sit behind John." If the play was at all moving, he would begin to weep. And his tears had a funny habit of squirting off to the rear, so that if you were behind him you would get wet.

ON HIS MOST MEMORABLE EVENINGS IN THE THEATER. One was *Barrymore's Hamlet* when I was 17. He was stunning, so exciting, his voice, his hand-someness, his nobility, doing his high jumps. I modeled my *Hamlet* on his, and then people said, "Why is Larry always leaping about?"

ON DRINK AS THE ACTOR'S BANE. It's a dreadful, dreadful temptation. You see, one is sitting there in that dressing room from 6 to 8 with absolutely nothing to do, except possibly fret. And so actors begin drinking. And they drink dur-

ing the play and they drink after the play. Years and years ago, Ralphie [Richardson] and I made a mutual pact. We promised each other not to drink until the curtain went down and we kept that pact.

ON HIS PROUDEST PERFORMANCE. Oh, I think it's still John Osborne's *The Entertainer*. It had the advantage of being a complete break from the other sort of work and that made it much more refreshing than tormenting oneself through these punishing roles of Shakespeare. I have an affinity with Archie Rice. It's what I really am. I'm not like Hamlet.

ON RELYING ON FLASHES OF GENIUS. I have always distrusted genius in my world. I won't tolerate that word applied to me because I don't believe in it. Genius for hard work, sure, sure. Genius for application. But the rest is gift, gift, gift, talent with luck, and ultimately, most important of all, skill. I realize that the word skill outrages many modern actors. Some years ago, when I occasionally attended some of Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio lectures out of curiosity, I found that skill was a word that was absolutely verboten. Strasberg was saying very risky things that came to him from the sky. He fed very much on spontaneity. I think if you're lecturing young people on a craft or an art, it should be studied and carefully thought out.

ON FITNESS AS TO CRAFT, HEALTH AND LIFE. Breath control is essential. I



AS ARCHIE RICE IN *ENTERTAINER* (1957)

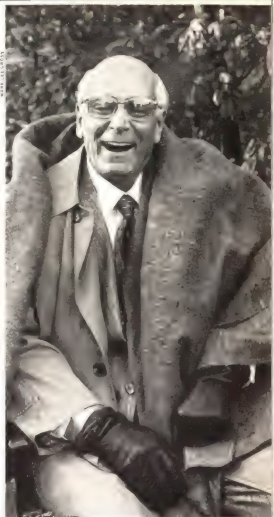
tried to persuade old Charles Laughton of that when he told me he was going to do *Lear*. He asked if I could give him any advice. I said, "Yes, I can, you fat, old s.o.b. [pronounced sob]. You have a large estate in Norfolk. I've seen it, not that you ever invited me to it, dear boy. I was catty. You have a large estate with an extensive hillside. Every morning I want you to climb that hillside, and shout out the lines." Well, he didn't do that, and he was absolutely no good.

When I was rehearsing for *King Lear*, I went on neighboring land and I screamed *King Lear* at the cows, who all came up and thought it was mar-

velous. And I roared at them and they'd moo. But the point was to exercise these bellows. Just to go on and think, "Oh, well, other people have done it, so I can," without preparing your whole physique for it. It is a failure to realize that the basic need for being good at anything is to be in a fit condition for it. What you must finally achieve is the proper initial humility toward the work and the difficult equation of the necessary confidence to carry it out. What you can do, you must do.

ON HIS PATRIOTIC IMPULSES. I am a childlike patriot, am to this day. When the war broke out, my late wife [Vivien Leigh] and I were out here in Hollywood and we had had a series of successes. When the studio heard we were leaving, they offered, first off, to buy us a house and donate a Spitfire to England. Another studio heard about that and offered both a house and a bomber. I suppose I could have held out for a house, a Spitfire and a bomber. But we both felt that we had to go back home and we left.

ON HIS MOTHER AND FATHER. The first great blow that hit me was my mother's death when I was twelve. I was the apple of her eye and, God knows, she was my entire world. As one gets older and the grave begins to yawn, one feels closer and closer to one's father [Oliver's father was an Anglican parson of austere Victorian rectitude]. I remember Tony Guthrie, a year or so before he died, saying, "Do you find yourself thinking about your father more and more?" and I said, "I do." It's as if an old man in a long white beard were waiting to fold you in his arms from some beautiful billowy cloud.



RELAXING DURING FILMING OF *MARATHON MAN*

The Year's Best

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR. A disarming, conjugal comedy of adultery on a 25-year plan. A first play by Bernard Slade, who belongs to *la scuola* Neil Simon.

THE TAKING OF MISS JANE. Playwright Ed Bullins, black by birth and bold in theme, constructs a hot, sly, funny, sexy, drunken montage of black-white confrontation.

CHICAGO. A corrosive dance of decadence that Bob Fosse has choreographed into an electrifying musical, helped no end by Gwen Verdon. Chita Rivera and Jerry Orbach.

TRAVESTIES. Playwright Tom Stoppard (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, *Jumpers*) spews wit, wordplay, paradox and thought like tracer bullets, and, in a performance of indelible virtuosity, John Wood sees that every bullet is dead on target.

KENNEDY'S CHILDREN. A perceptive replay of the '60s and how one generation of U.S. youngsters hoped, doped, marched, raged and finally despaired. John Kennedy is never the subject of the play but a metaphor for the decade.

A CHORUS LINE. Michael Bennett, a brilliantly disciplined choreographer, gives the anonymous members of the chorus a brief sunburst of glory and a long bear hug of love.

HABEAS CORPUS. The middle-aged hero of this achingly funny farce studies lechery like a college course, but he gets nary an A for carnal knowledge. In key roles, Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts convey randy frustration and purvey music hall bawdity.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN. George C. Scott's monumental performance added a new and powerful dimension to this classic and revealed aspects of Willy Loman never seen before.

LAMPPOST REUNION. A visceral buddy reunion on the order of *That Championship Season*. The hero, possibly patterned on Frank Sinatra, is given tigerish animal magnetism by Gabriel Dell.

THE NORMAN CONQUESTS. Love is never saying no, according to Alan Ayckbourn's comic monster Norman, whose ravenous libido reduces not one but three evenings to a riotous shambles of reluctant yes-women.

RESOURCES

The Alaskan Gas Rush

First it was gold. Then came oil. Now Alaska is on its way to a third great boom. Oil companies—notably Atlantic Richfield, Exxon and Sohio—have already found immense reserves of natural gas under the frozen tundra of the North Slope. Geologists believe that there may be as much as 300 trillion cu. ft. of gas in deposits in Alaska's Arctic; those deposits could supply 5% of U.S. annual demand (currently 22 trillion cu. ft.) when tapped, thus helping to head off the long-predicted severe shortage in U.S. gas supplies. In fact, the gas could begin to flow from the Alaskan wells into the Lower 48 as early as 1980—if Washington could only decide on how it should be moved.

The problem is not technical or even economic. Now that average wellhead prices are above 50¢ per 1,000 cu. ft., the value of the new find is at least \$500 million per trillion cu. ft. in Alaska, and perhaps three times that much delivered to the consumer. Thus money can be raised to transport North Slope gas. Indeed, two competing proposals—each of which would rank as among the very biggest private construction projects in history—have already been developed by competing energy companies.

One proposal, developed by the Alaskan subsidiary of the El Paso Co. of Texas, is aimed at keeping the gas under American control. The company would build an 809-mile-long pipeline from the North Slope to the Gulf of Alaska, closely paralleling the now half-completed trans-Alaska oil pipeline. At the southern terminus at Gravina Point, the gas would be liquefied by lowering its temperature to -260° F. and shipped in special tankers to Point Conception, Calif., near Santa Barbara. There the fuel would be heated back to a gas, then pumped into existing pipelines for distribution throughout the Southwest. This arrangement would reduce the Southwest's dependence on natural gas from Texas, which could then flow in greater quantities to gas-pinch homes and factories in the Midwest and the East.

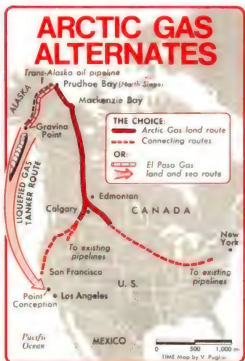
The second proposal, championed by Arctic Gas,

a consortium of 19 American and Canadian pipeline, oil and utility companies, would bring the gas to U.S. markets entirely overland through 5,450 miles of lines from the North Slope through Canada. Although the \$9 billion Arctic Gas plan would cost about \$1.2 billion more than the El Paso system, it would also apparently be simpler to operate. Unlike the El Paso proposal, it would require no fleet of special-purpose tankers, no liquefaction and deliquefaction plants and no complex reshuffling of regional gas supply patterns.

Of course, the Arctic Gas proposal could theoretically put U.S.-bound gas under the control of a Canadian government that is increasingly inimical to U.S. business interests. The prospect does not worry Arctic Gas officials. They emphasize that Canadian firms, having found large deposits of natural gas in the Mackenzie River delta, would not only help to finance the pipeline but also use it to export surplus gas to the U.S. Adds William Brackett, the consortium's American vice chairman: "We've been shipping through the St. Lawrence Seaway for years without any friction between the nations. Besides, if Canada were to close the pipeline for some reason, the U.S. could retaliate easily. Almost all of western Canada's oil goes to eastern Canada through the U.S.; we could shut off their oil."

Political Decision. So far, neither proposal appears to have a clear edge over the other, though the Federal Power Commission is studying both schemes carefully before it grants one a transmission permit next December. Although El Paso's system would be slightly less expensive to build, it could use more energy in transportation and cost more to operate than Arctic Gas's scheme. Similarly, defense and environmental considerations roughly balance out for the two projects. In fact the critical question—whether to cross Canada—will probably be decided not by the FPC's impartial analysis but by politicians. Alaskan officials and some 44 labor unions are backing the El Paso plan which, as an All-American project they believe will provide more Alaskan and U.S. tax revenues and create more U.S. jobs. Congressmen from Eastern and Midwestern states favor the Arctic Gas proposal because it promises to guarantee their voters supplies of slightly cheaper gas. In the end, the choice will be made by the White House, which is likely to find the great gas decision a touchy one to make in a tense election year.

LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS TANKER





STRIKE-DELAYED PASSENGERS AT CHICAGO'S O'HARE AIRPORT LAST WEEK

AIRLINES

Reprieve from Chaos

For a while it looked as if it would be the worst Christmas ever for air travelers. Two major airlines—United and National, which together carry 28% of the nation's air traffic—were grounded by strikes, and their absence tipped the holiday-choked U.S. air-transport system into near chaos that meant frustrating delays and disappointments for thousands of air travelers. Suddenly, at week's end, there was hope that United and perhaps even National might be flying again by Christmas. Even so, strike-caused snarls were likely to plague travelers for a few more days.

The breakthrough in the 13-day-old United strike caught the industry by surprise, including the machinists who had closed the airline down on Dec. 6, largely over a dispute concerning job security for union members. Both management and the union expected a long walkout. When the two sides met early last week at the urging of the National Mediation Board, no one expected quick results. But after holding separate sessions with United and the machinists, White House Mediator W.J. Usery saw a possibility for a compromise. On Thursday he brought the two sides together in a bargaining session that lasted through the night. At 9:30 Friday morning, United and the machinists shook hands on a new agreement.

For the moment, neither side would disclose the terms of the settlement. But presumably the machinists, already the best-paid nonflying airline union (top hourly wage: about \$8), got raises and reassurances about jobs, while United reaffirmed its prerogative to de-

ploy its work force as it sees fit. Over the weekend, the 16,700 members of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers at United were to vote on the deal. Mediator Usery said that the outlook for acceptance was excellent, but airline unions are unpredictable. Locals are fragmented and undisciplined, and their leaders have torpedoed agreements reached at the national level in the past. If the machinists do vote in favor of the pact, United planned to restore full service by midweek.

Meanwhile, there was a new chance for a settlement in National's long strike. The airline's 1,200 hostesses shut down the airline on Sept. 6 after President L.B. ("Bud") Maytag rejected their wage and work-rules demands. National and the Air Line Pilots Association, which negotiates on the national level for the flight attendants, reached an agreement in October calling for a \$114 rise in the monthly minimum salary, to \$750—an 18% increase.

Second Ballot. The hostesses rejected the contract, partly to assert their independence from the male-dominated pilots' union. In response to the airline's petition, Federal Judge C. Clyde Atkins last week ordered the stewardesses to vote again on the pact. He specifically enjoined the hostesses' leaders, who were accused of sabotaging the first balloting, from campaigning for rejection. Even so, the outcome may be close. Having been angered for years by National's "sexist" advertising ("I'm Barbara Fly me."), the hostesses seem determined to strike National like it has never been struck before: at week's end they were within a few days of beating the 116-day walkout record set by National's striking ticket clerks in 1970.

AUTOS

Battle of Britain

CRUCIFIED BY CHRYSLER, waited one London headline. SCORCHED BY THE FLAMETHROWER, complained another. The object of this pained outrage was a stunning victory won by the Chrysler Corp. and its chairman, John Riccardo, in a high-stakes struggle that promises to have a deep impact on the future of both Chrysler and Britain's Labor government.

Early last November Riccardo presented Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson with a prickly problem. Unless the British government agreed to provide massive aid for Chrysler's troubled British subsidiary, Riccardo said, the company would be forced to shut down its five major plants in Britain and cashier its 25,000 employees there. For a while it seemed that Riccardo, whose sometimes brusque manner long ago earned him the nickname "the Flamethrower," would have to do just that. Wilson denounced the Riccardo ultimatum, angrily protesting that Chrysler had left the government "with a pistol at its head." But last week in a startling, if characteristically Wilsonian, about-face, the Prime Minister agreed to help out Chrysler after all.

Heavy Losses. The Labor plan, which was grudgingly approved by a sharply divided House of Commons, would provide up to \$325 million in grants, loans and guarantees to keep Chrysler U.K. Ltd. in operation for another four years. Wilson's politically explosive decision severely weakened the credibility of his government's new economic policy, unveiled only last month, which calls for helping potentially suc-

CHRYSLER CHAIRMAN RICCARDO





UTAH COAL PLANT IN AUSTRALIA
Once plain, now pursued.

cessful companies rather than weak concerns like Chrysler U.K.

The future of Chrysler's troubled British subsidiary had long concerned both company officials in the U.S. and the Wilson government. Riccardo, who succeeded Lynn Townsend as Chrysler's chairman last October after the company reported heavy losses, was determined to solve the British "problem." Chrysler U.K. has lost \$117 million over the past decade and was a record \$36 million in the red by mid-1975. Among other things, the company has been hurt by indifferent management, continuing strikes and a lackluster model line.

Labor Seats. The British had their own doubts about Chrysler U.K.'s prospects. Just before the Wilson government announced its Chrysler rescue plan, it also released a study that concluded there were "too many" auto manufacturers in Britain. The weakest was clearly Chrysler, which holds barely 6% of the British car market.

Why did Wilson decide to aid Chrysler after all? Politics appeared to be the deciding factor. A Chrysler shutdown would have added to unemployment at a time when the British jobless rate already stands above the politically sensitive 1 million mark. Apparently equally important to Wilson was the possibility that a layoff of the 7,000 employees at the Chrysler plant in Linwood, Scotland, would give a potent political issue to Scottish nationalists and thus endanger several Labor seats that Wilson needs to maintain his slim majority in Commons.

The Wilson plan calls for the government to compensate Chrysler U.K. for losses of up to \$100 million in 1976 and \$45 million of any additional deficits through 1979. This aid will not be

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

repaid, but the government gets to take half of any profit the subsidiary might make in the next four years. In addition, the government agreed to lend Chrysler \$110 million to help the company develop new car models and guaranteed \$70 million in loans from British commercial banks. In exchange, Chrysler will, among other things, turn out five new models, beginning with a revamped version of its Avenger sedan that will appear next summer.

Yet Chrysler's ultimate survival in Britain is far from assured. Asked recently whether the British subsidiary is the biggest of Chrysler's problems, Riccardo said, "I think we'd have to say of course it is." While the Wilson aid plan helps, Chrysler U.K.'s basic problems remain to be solved.

MERGERS

GE's Giant Deal

Ever since the 1973 oil embargo, once plain-looking companies that produced coal and other natural resources have been eagerly pursued as merger partners. Oil companies in particular have been looking them over as a means of getting in on the development of alternative sources of energy.

Last week General Electric Co., the U.S.'s largest electrical-equipment manufacturer, joined the trend. G.E. announced that it plans to acquire Utah International Inc., a large but little-known San Francisco-based mining company (1974 sales: \$500 million) that has extensive reserves of coal, uranium and other natural resources in the U.S. and abroad. GE plans to pay about \$1.9 billion in stock for Utah International.

The driving force behind the merger was Fred Borch's successor as GE chairman, Reginald Jones, 58. Jones has had to deal with a profit slump at GE. The company's net earnings fell 14% in the first nine months of this year after reaching a record \$608 million in 1974. One reason is that GE has been losing money on fixed-price orders for atomic power plants; lead times on such projects are long and cost overruns can be breathtakingly high. Jones says that GE sees Utah as "an important opportunity in the natural-resources industry." Some Wall Street analysts believe that the company may be particularly interested in Utah's uranium mining and processing operations. The merger with Utah would enhance GE's ability to sell profitable "turnkey" deals covering everything from the reactor to the atomic fuel to power-company customers.

On Wall Street, shares of both GE and Utah scarcely moved following the merger announcement, mainly because investment professionals doubt that the deal will go through. Government trust-busters are almost certain to study the merger plan carefully to see if it might

give GE an unfair advantage over other domestic manufacturers of power plant equipment. If the Justice Department or the Federal Trade Commission decides to challenge the merger, it would underscore a long-building conflict between the nation's antitrust policy and its international economic interests. Reason: a thoroughly integrated energy giant may well be exactly what the U.S. needs to battle effectively for overseas orders against Japanese and other government-supported competitors.

RETAILING

Fur Flies Again

Not too long ago, the furrier was one of U.S. retailing's most endangered species. Badgered by conservationists, women began passing up their cherished minks, muskrats and marmots, settling instead for fake furs—or none at all. Then came the recession, and buyers began to balk at purchasing coats—no matter what they were made of—that had three- and four-figure price tags. Fur sales in specialty shops and department stores across the U.S. plunged, and many firms went out of business altogether. In just two years, nearly half of the 2,000 fur wholesalers and suppliers clustered in Manhattan's garment district, the center of the U.S. fur trade, closed up shop or merged with other furriers.

Now furs, and their dealers, are coming back. Industry-wide sales for 1975 are expected to reach their highest level (about \$525 million) since the postwar boom 25 years ago. Fur sales have grown more dramatically this year than sales of any other kind of outerwear, and still aston-



LEFT TO RIGHT: STORE CUSTOMERS TRYING ON COATS MADE OF OPPOSSUM PARTS (\$494).

ished dealers are barely able to meet demand. Says Beverly Hills Furrier Mac Dicker: "It's unreal. I've been in the business for 30 years and never seen anything like it."

Greater Sin. Why is the fur industry coming back? For one thing, foreign demand for American furs has increased, largely because the long decline of the U.S. dollar has made them cheaper and thus more attractive abroad. At home the fur revival partly reflects new developments on the price and environmental fronts. The rise in petroleum prices has increased the cost of fake furs, many of which are based on petrochemicals; the retail price of a full-length fake "mink," now about \$300, has risen about 20% since 1972 (but of course still costs much less than the real ranch mink, which retails for about \$5,000). Rising concern about industrial pollution has enabled many ecology-minded buyers to rationalize that the purchase of a fake fur made with chemicals produced in a pollution-prone plant may be a greater environmental sin than buying the real thing.

The main factor in the fur boom is the new vitality and versatility of the fur industry itself. Says Jess Chernak, executive vice president of the American Fur Industry, the furriers' Manhattan-based promotional organization: "We changed what had been a conservative custom trade into a high-volume industry geared to young people and fresh styling."

Skillfully exploiting the national nostalgia kick, furriers have promoted new interest in such long-haired favorites of the 1920s and 1930s as lynx, raccoon and fox. No longer just heavy rugs, furs now come in lighter weights, often in combination with

ALAN WATSON



RACCOON SKINS (\$995),
CAT SECTIONS (\$793),
NATURAL & DYED MINK
SECTIONS (\$596)

leather, with removable foul-weather covers, and in a rainbow of nonnatural colors. Some new items: a burgundy-colored opossum jacket selling briskly in Manhattan stores for \$600; Designer Calvin Klein's \$3,000 celery-green kimono-style mink jacket at top department stores around the country. Especially popular are inexpensive jackets priced as low as \$70, made of sewn-together "plates"—fragments of paws, underbellies, and other less-than-prime skins.

While the industry is promoting furs as a bargain and stressing the fact that its prices have risen less sharply than other luxury goods, sales have also been brisk among such top-of-the-line items as \$10,000 chinchillas and \$25,000 sables. Says Jerome McCarthy, owner of Chicago's tony Thomas E. McElroy Co.: "For a while [the rich] weren't showing their wealth, but now they're indulging themselves." So, too, is the credit-card set, which today includes an ever growing number of liberated women earning their own incomes. As one Manhattan fur department saleswoman quips: "Master Charge is replacing the sugar daddy."

BEVERAGES

Bubbly Blues

Not since World War I, when some of northern France's finest vineyards were turned into bloody battlefields, has the French champagne industry seen bigger trouble. Having grown steadily and sometimes spectacularly since the mid-1950s, sales of the French bubbly have been in a steep slide. Last year French vintners were horrified when champagne sales dropped 16% below the 1973 peak of 125 million bottles, to 105 million bottles. This year sales may fall below 100 million bottles for the first time since 1969. "We're not a product of primary necessity," says Jean-Michel Duclier, head of France's Union of Great Champagne Trademarks, a producers' association. "When everything goes very badly, people should drink champagne to lift their spirits. But they didn't."

Not even, alas, in France. The French, who usually buy two-thirds of their own champagne, have noticeably been cutting back. Britons, who were the French bottlers' biggest customers abroad, have reduced their champagne consumption by a humiliating 63% in the past two years, to an estimated 3.8 million bottles this year. U.S. consumption of French champagne, about 2.6 million bottles this year, has dropped by 40% since 1972, partly because more Americans are turning to less expensive California and New York offerings (see box). Says Napa Valley Champagne Maker Hanns Kornell with satisfaction: "Americans are drinking American these days."

The Champagne Tab

		Retail prices in New York City	
		1972	Today
California	Gallo	\$2.49	\$2.99
	Korbel Brut	4.50	5.80
N.Y. State	Andre Munier Brut	3.29	4.49
	Great Western Brut	3.99	5.29
Italy*	Ash Spumante		4.99
	Bersano	2.99	4.99
	Cinzano	4.49	6.69
France	Pernier Jouis Brut	7.95	8.95
	Muël & Chandon Brut		
	Imperial reserve	9.38	10.99
	Dam Perignon	18.00	25.95
	(Midwest)		

*Sparkling wine, not champagne, sold cheaply here

The French producers, who insist that true champagne can only be a product of the special chalky soil and temperate climate of the region that bears its name, blame their sales problem on foreign imitations. They are dismayed by the popularity of Italian sparkling wines and Australian, Russian and even Japanese "champagnes," as well as the U.S. varieties. Battling back, French producers have launched the first publicity drive in the French champagne industry's history. At a cost of \$425,000, billboards have been put up in some areas of France and neighboring Belgium that show two glasses raised in a toast and proclaim: CHAMPAGNE—NOTHING REPLACES IT. So far, the producers have resisted the urge to extend the champagne campaign to other countries, however, and even the limited publicity blitz has stirred discomfort in the industry. "It's not the thing to do," says one venerable champagne maker. "Champagne is a luxury product that must maintain its dignity."

Unsold Bottles. It must also hold up its sales. Last year, all of the 30 largest French champagne makers lost money, and inventories of unsold bottles grew by more than 50%. Last September, for the first time in a generation, the price of newly harvested champagne grapes dropped by almost 28%. But recently, with the improvement in economic conditions, champagne sales have begun to pick up mildly in France, and some bottlers are even talking of an end-of-year buying splurge by holiday revelers at home and abroad. Failing that, all is still not lost. "After all," muses Jacques de Vriese, export director of the large Moët & Chandon company, "people will still need champagne for weddings and to launch boats."



HILDEGARD KNEF WITH DAUGHTER CHRISTINA

The Private Tutor

THE VERDICT
by HILDEGARD KNEF
377 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$10.

One of the great climaxes in Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* occurs when Charles Swann confides to the Duc de Guermantes that he is dying. Instead of sympathizing, the Duc turns to his wife, who has dressed for a party, and demands that she wear red shoes, not black, to go with her red dress. He tells Swann jovially to calm down; they will be meeting for lunch soon.

That sort of callousness is about what people with cancer can expect, according to Hildegard Knef. She has it and lives Proust's horrid little scene. She is in a consulting room when fear engulfs her. "I'll see you at the gala," the doctor assures her. "I'm afraid you won't," she says. "Now, now, now, fresh air, enjoy life and love" is the advice

Knef in particular does not need this

asinine counsel. As *The Verdict* and her earlier memoir *The Gift Horse* show, she has pursued life and love with fierce energy all of her 50 years. She is one of Germany's best-known actresses, a performer in 54 films, including *Silk Stockings* and *Decision Before Dawn* in Hollywood. *The Gift Horse* (1971) revealed that she could have been a writer as well, perhaps even a novelist. Although that book contains a fine, stringent recollection of Hollywood, it is best about the war. Knef had a wretched time of it, usually hungry and sick, falling in love with Nazis and Jews, shutting across constantly altering boundaries. The secret of her style then and now lies in its immediacy. One never feels she is making an effort to remember, the past seems to emerge visually and verbally whole, like unspoken thoughts in the mind.

In *The Verdict* Knef deals just as effectively with the panic of being sick in a modern hospital. Emerging from anaesthesia, she hears herself being discussed by attendants: "Would you recognize her? I mean, the way you know her from TV?" There is the blinding need for painkillers. "I'm not allowed to give you anything" is the standard reply. "My bed is standing in the middle of the room," writes Knef. "It didn't quite make it to the wall. My room in hell has been lifted out of time, hordes of starving rats are gnawing at my belly."

Not all of *The Verdict* occurs in Swiss and Austrian hospitals. For one thing, the disease is now under control. Also, the book often dips back into "preverdict" times. There are three long, notable set pieces—a jet-set party in a ski chalet; an account of the boyhood of David Palastanga, Knef's husband, in London's East End; and a chronicle of a nightclub tour a few years ago in which she sang and Palastanga did just about everything else. They are all funny, mercilessly observed scenes, full of irony and incongruity.

When Knef writes about her husband, there is some tenderness as well. A stage director, he also served as his wife's skillful English translator. In most of *The Verdict* he is a shadowy figure waiting patiently at home in Salzburg with their little daughter Christina. It is

a shifting, troubled relationship that bests even Knef's considerable descriptive powers. Most of *The Verdict* delivers the uncut stuff of emotion. So it is with dismay that one comes, near the end, upon a passage about love that is pure cant. Marriage has its ups and downs, reports Knef, but love has an intensity that mere friends are incapable of understanding. The passage sounds false, and, unfortunately, it is. Since the book was finished, the Palastangas have separated. Knef has returned to Berlin and has completed another movie. Although in uncertain health, she will come to the U.S. next month to promote her book. She is going on.

The Verdict may not reach the audience that might best appreciate it. Anyone would hesitate to take it into a hospital. But the story is told with a blank lack of self-pity, and there is something inspiring about Knef's appraisal of her fears, resentments and rather gallant hopes. At one point she surveys her body, which has been naked on the screen. The belly is scarred; a breast is gone. However, she looks at herself with a degree of composure. She sees her body "as a stern and sadistic private tutor, but one capable of springing a delightful surprise."

Martha Duffy

James in Nighttown

SELECTED LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE
Edited by RICHARD ELLMANN
440 pages. Viking. \$18.95.
\$5.95 paperback.

JAMES JOYCE: A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
by STAN GEBLER DAVIES
328 pages. Stein & Day. \$10.

Like the ever recycling figures who fall and rise through *Finnegans Wake*, James Joyce refuses to stay buried. A character bearing his name is currently cutting linguistic capers in the Broadway hit *Travesties*. The discovery of some exam papers Joyce wrote while seeking a teaching certificate in 1912 was recently headlined in the *New York Times*. Going on sale next week is a facsimile of the *Ulysses* manuscript (three volumes: Octagon Books). Price: \$150. For a writer who labored half his life in seething obscurity, Joyce has achieved a renown that might ease even his massive Irish appetite for irony.

Not all of this attention is of a kind that Joyce would welcome. Irish Journalist Stan Gebler Davies has taken the measure of the two previous Joyce biographies (by Herbert Gorman and Richard Ellmann) and found them too hagiographic for his taste. By contrast, Davies' Joyce seems to spend most of his youth consorting with Dublin prostitutes and most of his maturity lying drunk in a succession of Continental gut-

ters. Clearly the man liked wine and women; it is his song that Davies manages to ignore. He dismisses, for instance, the difficult but hardly inaccessible *Finnegans Wake* as a "monument to perversity." So much for 18 years of his subject's life—and for a palimpsest dream-epic of surpassing erudition and beauty. Davies' stumblebum Joyce is thus every bit as one-dimensional as the St. James who has been propped up by generations of acolytes.

Virgin or Madonna. A more complex portrait of the artist emerges from the *Selected Letters of James Joyce*. Biographer Ellmann has trimmed three volumes of Joyce's correspondence into a crisp, compelling narrative—and added previously suppressed letters from Joyce to his wife Nora. Visiting Dublin on business in 1909, Joyce was unimpressed by the rumor (false) that Nora had been unfaithful to him during their courtship five years earlier. Back in Trieste, Nora was bewildered and shocked by Joyce's anguished accusations. When this crisis passed, the couple tried to bridge their physical and emotional separation with a series of starkly erotic letters. Nora's have not survived, but Joyce's reveal

WIDE WORLD



JAMES & NORA JOYCE IN PARIS, 1924
"Insolent, half naked and obscene!"

that both partners used these letters as aids to masturbation—thus deflecting their sexual desires for others. "One moment," Joyce writes, "I see you like a virgin or madonna; the next moment I see you shameless, insolent, half naked and obscene!"

The publication of this material would doubtless have pained Joyce deeply. Despite his reputation as a writer of dirty books, he was remarkably prim in his speech and other correspondence. "Keep my letters to yourself, dear," he admonished Nora. "They were written for you." Yet because everything Joyce experienced found its way somehow into his fiction, the exposure of his raw sexual fantasies is not the simple invasion of privacy it might seem. Joyce's life was a tug of war between schizoid contradictions. He fled Dublin but never wrote about anything else. He renounced Catholicism, then cast himself as a higher priest who would transform the bread of common life into art. As these newly released letters show, the aloof classicist also struggled with the dark sensualist. "It is strange," Joyce wrote Nora in 1904, "from what muddy pools the angels call forth a spirit of beauty." *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* were to prove him prophetic. **Paul Gray**

Homeward Bound

NIGHTWORK

by IRWIN SHAW

344 pages. Delacorte. \$8.95.

Douglas Grimes is the unlikely hero of Shaw's high entertainment, *Nightwork*. A young pilot prematurely grounded by an eye ailment, Grimes answers the musical question: "What if \$100,000 should fall into my lap?" That is almost literally what happens to him in the most improbable of settings—the St. Augustine Hotel (semibitter religious joke here), a Manhattan charnel house where Grimes works as night clerk.

Fleeing to Europe, Grimes meets a Faustian figure (but a Faust with charm) named Fabian, who knows every banker, concierge and con man from Rome to Gstaad. He teaches Grimes, the backslid Protestant moralist, how to increase and enjoy his money. But just as Graham Greene knew, Shaw is aware that the piper must always be paid, that his heroes must eventually return home to separate fates. Although they used to worship at entirely different literary shrines (Hemingway on the one hand, Evelyn Waugh on the other), Shaw and Greene are bonded in contemporary letters by their ability to create a bestseller with moral resonance. "Given half the chance," says this delightful romp, "every man becomes a hero." *Nightwork* has no more serious point to make—except to remind the reader that he can go home again. That, happily, is just what Irwin Shaw now intends to do, 24 years after he journeyed to Europe and decided to stay. **Mark Goodman**

The Year's Best

FICTION

FAR TORTUGA by Peter Matthiessen. With much dialogue and a minimum of description, nine flawed and simple men hunt turtles in the southwest Caribbean and become actors in an elemental drama of the sea.

THE MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR by Doris Lessing. In a vision that veers between allegory and nightmare, a lone woman exists in a futuristic urban landscape of frightful anomie.

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT by Saul Bellow. An obscure old poet dies and his onetime protégé suffers in this serio comic meditation by a major American writer on the value of art and the price of success.

RAGTIME by E.L. Doctorow. J.P. Morgan consorts with Henry Ford, Freud visits Coney Island, and turn-of-the-century America comes of age in this lilting syncope of fiction and history.

JR by William Gaddis. In his first novel since *The Recognitions* (1955), the author chronicles the improbable fortunes of an eleven-year-old tycoon and takes a gargantuan swipe at contemporary skyscrapers of Babel.

NONFICTION

EDITH WHARTON: A BIOGRAPHY by R.W.B. Lewis. The aristocratic 19th century American novelist is revealed to have lived in anything but the Age of Innocence.

THE GREAT WAR AND MODERN MEMORY by Paul Fussell. A unique examination of how the horrors of the 1914-18 war gave birth to 20th century imagination in art and culture.

THE CIVIL WAR, A NARRATIVE by Shelby Foote. The third and concluding volume of the most richly detailed historical narrative of the American Civil War.

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON by Jimmy Breslin. A political-clubhouse view of Watergate and the year's freshest book on the subject.

PASSAGE TO ARARAT by Michael J. Arlen. The tribes of the Bible leap from the page, the victims of mass murder speak out in this intensely personal history of Armenia by a gifted descendant.

The Right to Manage

"I've worked in the mailroom, I've helped take classified ads, I've rolled a trash bin or two across the press room." That job history was recounted last week in the offices of the Washington *Post*, not by a trainee but by Katharine Graham, 58, board chairman of the Washington Post Co.

Publisher Graham has learned plenty about the mechanics of the newspaper business since Oct. 1, when some of the *Post*'s 204 pressmen wrecked their presses and walked off the job, followed by members of seven other unions—but not the paper's 843-member Newspaper

includes *Newsweek*, six broadcast stations and 49% of a Canadian paper mill, rang up revenues of \$287 million last year.

Nevertheless, she still devours books on business subjects and seeks the counsel of such friends as Los Angeles *Times* Publisher Otis Chandler and Clay Felker, editor of *New York* magazine. Says Felker: "The Gannett chain may make more money, but they don't have her concern for quality." Graham has maintained the quality by preserving generous editorial budgets, but she wants to raise the company's profit margin from last year's 9% to 15% by 1977.

Graham has a keen eye for picking talent and gives her editors much latitude. But she does not hesitate to shuffle executives abruptly. The newspaper division, for example, has had three different business managers in as many years. Her top corporate officer is President Larry H. Israel, 56, whom she hired from the presidency of the Group W stations. She has been stage-managing the paper's operations since the strike directly through the newspaper's general manager, Mark J. Meagher, 40. Coming up fast is Graham's son Donald, 30, who serves as Meagher's assistant and will almost certainly be publisher some day.

Special Dilemma. Graham rarely relaxes. Her legendary Georgetown parties are devoted to government and diplomatic figures, and even on her 250-acre estate on Martha's Vineyard, Washington never seems far away. Says she: "I want to win a Pulitzer Prize for management."

The strike is a special dilemma for her. Cheered by liberals for the *Post*'s role in exposing Watergate, she is now being attacked by some liberals as a union buster. "The union is to be smashed," wrote *Post* Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman last week. "Graham has accepted the pressmen's union's invitation to waltz back to the industrial warfare of the 19th century."

Post Executive Editor Benjamin C. Bradlee violently disagrees with Von Hoffman. "We're not talking about cruel management or an exploited working class," he retorts. "We're talking about a bunch of criminals who slash tires and smash presses and hit women over the head with two-by-fours. I have no lint left in my navel for that." Graham makes the same point more moderately: "We are not union busting. That means an unwillingness to bargain, which just isn't the case here. They [the pressmen] wouldn't

negotiate. They busted themselves."

In addition to the initial pressroom violence, the strike has been marked by beatings and threats to nonstrikers, and three shots were fired through the *Post*'s office windows. Graham was burned in effigy at a union rally, and when she saw a photo of a placard reading PHIL SHOT THE WRONG GRAHAM, she covered her face with her hands and said, "O God, not that."

The central issue in the strike is economic, not personal: the pressmen's wages cost the company \$5 million a year, one-third of it in overtime according to the *Post*. In previous contracts, management had given the pressmen control over setting people's work schedules and determining the size of work crews. The union had used this control, charged the *Post*, to enable the average pressman to supplement his \$14,000 basic wage with \$8,000 in overtime per year. Complains Graham: "They frequently scheduled themselves to get as much overtime as possible—sometimes at the expense of getting the paper out on time."

Pressroom Control. In its proposals for a new contract this year, the *Post* offered the pressmen a 25% increase in the basic wage in three years and a \$400,000 bonus, to be divided among them. In return, the paper asked to be given back control of the pressroom. The union has refused. Last week the *Post* began hiring 140 permanent replacements for the pressmen, while a dozen or so strikers have accepted the *Post*'s offer to return to work "as individuals." Company executives believe some of the unions may return to work as early as next month. But James Dugan, president of the pressmen's union Local 6, was adamant. Said he: "We're willing to negotiate, but we're not willing to be raped."

Meanwhile, life inside the picket-surrounded *Post* building is becoming less hectic. The ninth-floor executive dining room is still serving as an all-night diner. Executives still have to pick their way through piles of dirty laundry to grab sleep, on cots set up in their offices, between an all-day shift behind the desk and an all-night shift putting out the paper. But only 100 employees are still living in the building, down from 200 at the beginning of the strike. All but one of the paper's nine presses have been repaired.

"It's been sort of like the Battle of Britain," Graham told TIME Correspondent Marguerite Michaels last week. "Everyone has risen to extraordinary heights. What we're trying to retrieve is the right to manage, which we ourselves have let erode. You can't have a fine editorial product if you can't be financially strong. Excellence and profitability go hand in hand."



POST PUBLISHER KATHARINE GRAHAM
Like the Battle of Britain.

Guild unit representing editorial and clerical employees. Working under siege conditions with members of all the commercial departments who are doing most of the production jobs, Graham has managed to keep the *Post* publishing, though at first in sharply reduced editions. "Putting our hands on our own machinery is something we never did before," says the trim, smartly dressed publisher. "I think we all have a better sense of what makes the place run well."

Most Powerful. She took over the paper (which her father had bought during the Depression) after the 1963 suicide of her husband Philip. Since then, she has become one of the most powerful women in America—and one of the best, toughest publishers in the field. Her Washington Post Co., which

*The *Post* last year accounted for 35% of the company's \$287 million in revenues and 35% of its \$28 million in profits. *Newsweek* and *Newsweek Books* accounted for 43% of revenues and 36% of profits, broadcast operations represented 13% of revenues and 26% of profits.

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